THE BOOKMAN

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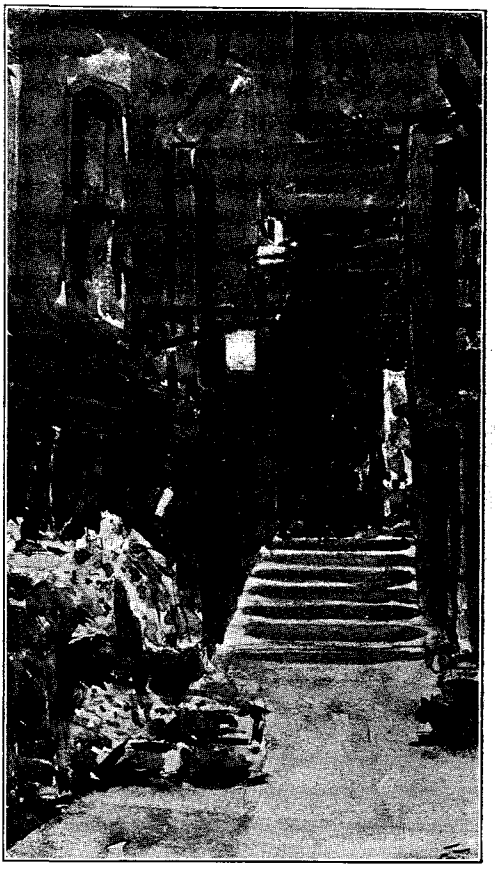
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

$500,000

Here is a curious sidelight on the North Pole controversy, which shows that Dr. Cook, whatever his achievements as an Arctic explorer have been, would seem to have exaggerated ideas of literary values. While we do not vouch for the story, we shall say that it comes to us on very good authority. When Dr. Cook reached Copenhagen, one of our leading publishing houses, which, by the way, controls one of the most distinguished of American magazines, cabled him asking for the serial and book rights of his book on the discovery of the Pole. Dr. Cook's agent is said to have cabled back a two-days option, setting his price as five hundred thousand dollars. Needless to say, negotiations ceased.

E. Temple Thurston

A very unusual case of literary precocity is that of Mr. E. Temple Thurston, whose new book, *The City of Beautiful Nonsense,* has been winning considerable attention from discriminating readers. He published his first book, a volume of poems, when he was fifteen years old, and wrote *The Apple of Eden,* a distinct success two or three years ago, at the age of seventeen. He is now twenty-nine, with seven books and three plays to his credit. Although Mr. Thurston works hard and continuously, he is exceedingly erratic in his methods. He does not write at any given place or stated time. Some of *The City of Beautiful Nonsense* was written in a public-house in Maida Vale, where the author was studying types, other parts of it in various places. The father and mother of John Gray used to live in Venice at the Palace described in the book. Just before beginning the story Mr. Thurston went to Venice to see them again. Quite by chance he heard



THE GREENGROCER'S SHOP IN "THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE"

From a painting by E. Temple Thurston

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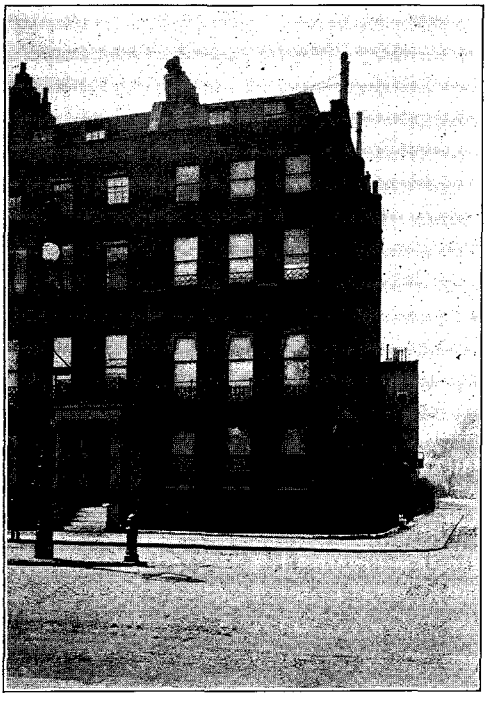
at a dinner that they were both dead—had died in fact one within a few days of the other, just as he had determined to bring it about in the novel. *The City of Beautiful Nonsense,* by the way, was recently voted ninth among one hundred and forty-seven of the best novels of the year in a "Literary Plébiscite" held by the London paper *The World.* The accompanying illustration is a reproduction of a painting made by Mr. Thurston of Mrs. Meakin's greengrocer's shop, which plays so conspicuous a part in the story.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S CITY HOME — 25 GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON

The Writing of "Marcella"

"The outline of *Marcella,*" says Mrs. Humphry Ward in an introduction from the new Autograph Edition of her works, "was written first on a half sheet of paper, and the work began. And probably owing to the long physical rest, it went with great ease and pleasure. Yet except in the writing of *Bessie Costrell,* I cannot remember being so tyrannously held by the scenes and emotions of any book as by those of *Marcella. Helbeck* was written as it were with my whole life and strength. I could, however, get away from it and forget it, but for weeks, in writing *Marcella,* Hurd's cottage, and the winter moonlight on the skirts of the wood were far more real to me than the rooms of Stocks or the autumn flowers of its old garden, amid which the actual hours were passed. Every writer of tales, in whom there is any share of the special faculty which belongs to the métier, will know what is meant. The psychology of it has hardly been explored. A story, and a good story, can be written without any such experience. Some of the work which, as I look back critically upon it, seems to me of my best—which the public has welcomed most warmly—has been written as it were *intellectually,* following out a logical sequence whether in character or event, under a conviction of necessity and truth, but without any overpowering vision. Imagination indeed placed and dressed the different scenes, conceiving them in a clear succession. But, all through, *one knew how it was done,* and felt that with proper concentration of mind it could be done again. But there are times and crises in imaginative work when this process seems to be quite superseded by another; and afterward in looking back upon the results a writer will not know how it was done, and will not feel that it could be repeated. Something intervened—a tranced, absorbed state, in which the action of certain normal faculties seemed suspended in order that others might work with exceptional ease—like tools that elves had sharpened in the night. I was conscious of this state all through the writing of the scenes before Hurd's execution, and at one or two other points in the book. But I never felt it so strangely, or in a manner apparently so independent of my own will or of surrounding conditions, as during the writing of *Bessie Costrell.*"

The Scamp Glorified

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and E. W. Hornung are brothers-in-law, and some years ago a proposition was made to them by a publisher that they collaborate on a book in which the ingenuity of Raffles as an en-

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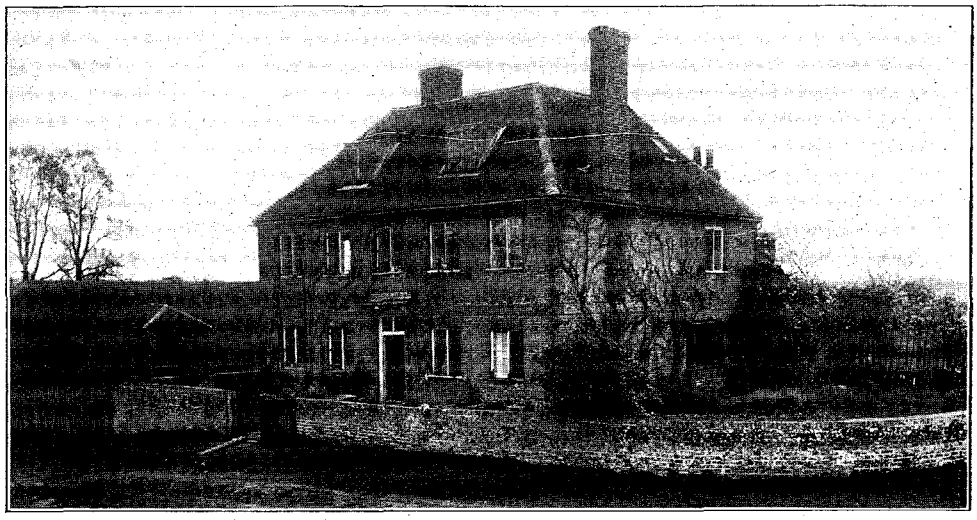

THE SURREY HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. WARD WROTE MOST OF "ROBERT ELSMERE"

emy of conventional society be pitted against the science of deduction as practised by Sherlock Holmes. Needless to say the suggestion came to nothing, for the obvious impossibility of such a book must be apparent to every one. In yoking two heroes in this way one or the other or both would have to be given over to burlesque, and of course neither Doyle nor Hornung would give consent. In the case of M. Maurice Leblanc, whose *Arsène Lupin* is the French counterpart of A. J. Raffles, there were no such scruples, and in his book, which on the stage, in a much altered version, seems to be having an exaggerated success, we are introduced to a preposterous English detective, by the name of Homelock Shears, who, of course, is a mere plaything at the hands of the astonishing

HAMPDEN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH WAS THE ORIGINAL OF MELLOR PARK IN MRS. WARD'S "MARCELLA"

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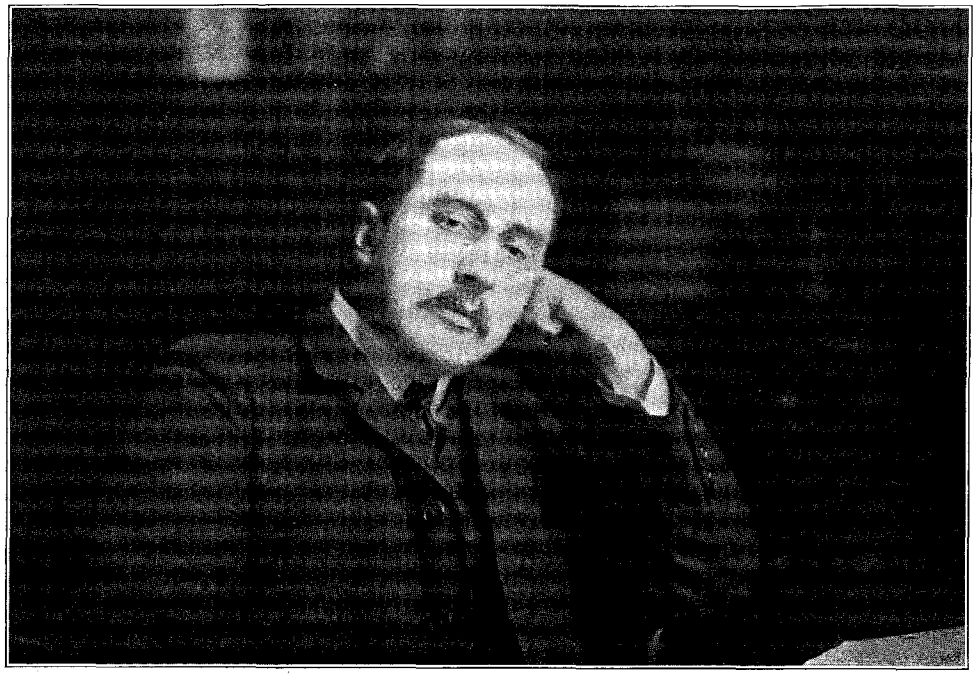

E. W. HORNUNG

Lupin. M. Leblanc, by the way, has another claim besides his Gallic version of the scamp glorified to literary attention. He is the brother-in-law of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Of *Mr. Justice Raffles,* Mr. Hornung's latest book, not a great deal need be said. It is not a book for serious criticism, nor is it a book which offers anything surprising. There is a good, readable plot, and the same deftness and dexterity and careful workmanship which from the beginning raised the stories about Raffles far above the ordinary shocker. The most striking feature of this popularity of Raffles and Lupin is that there seems to be a disposition to regard the type as something new. As a matter of fact the scamp glorified is one of the oldest of all figures of fiction, and neither Mr. Hornung nor M. Leblanc has discovered anything that was not known to Alain René Le Sage and his Roman and Spanish ancestors in the art of story-spinning.

Le Journal, of Paris, recently wrote to M. Leblanc asking him to give his views on Arsène Lupin and the novel of adventure generally. The reply was beautifully Gallic. M. Leblanc began by outlining the following startling and utterly impossible plot:

In the month of June, three years ago, in a large French town—the sequel of this story will show why I am prevented from giving more precise details and also why the police have made every effort to hush up this strange case, which is one of the most extraordinary that ever came to my ears—three years ago, I was saying, in a large French town, a closed motor-car came rushing along the main street at full speed. It slowed up on reaching the church square, and a number of persons, whose evidence tallies in every remotest particular, saw a woman leaning out of the window, holding in her hand a sheet of red paper.

This sheet of paper she tore first into two and then into four pieces, which she flung to the wind. No sooner had she done so than the car resumed its former speed and disappeared.

On the morning of the second day after this incident the son of one of the principal magistrates, when climbing the steps of the church with his fiancée on his arm, sud-

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denly staggered, spun round twice on his heels and fell as though he had been struck by lightning. He was dead. The doctors declared that he had burst a blood-vessel. Clutched in his fingers was a scrap of red paper, a torn shred, with no trace of writing upon it.

In the evening of the third day after that the servants at a country house, situated at sixteen miles from the town aforesaid, heard the report of a shot in one of the bedrooms on the first floor. They broke open the door of their master's room and found him lying on the carpet with his face bathed in blood and a revolver by his side. At the inquest it was shown that the window was closed and the door locked. It was necessary, therefore, to adopt suicide as the only explanation, although certain details made it hard of acceptance. The only clue discovered was a scrap of red paper on the table.

Four days later a similar tragedy took place in a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. This time there was ample proof that the victim, a well-to-do yeoman, had been murdered. And again, by the dead man's side, there lay a similar shred of red paper.

Terror now reigned throughout the district. What mysterious link could be established be-

MAURICE LEBLANC

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tween these three cases, so different one from the other and yet so absolutely alike? Were they the work of a madman? Were they the outcome of a devilish scheme, conceived with some hideous revenge for its object, and executed with ruthless daring? Nothing was discovered. But the terrifying thought of the fourth bit of red paper haunted every mind, upset the women and frightened the bravest of the men. Would there be a fourth victim?

Sixteen days elapsed. On the seventeenth—it was a Sunday—a priest, mounting the pulpit, gave a cry and fell back headlong. He was dead. In his breviary was the fourth piece of red paper . . .

PRISCILLA CRAVEN (MRS. W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE)

Mrs. Shore's latest novel, *The Pride of the Graftons*, was published in September. She uses the name of Priscilla Craven in order to avoid being confused with her husband, who is also a writer

"And I assure you," M. Leblanc goes on to say, "that if I had invented eight scraps of red paper instead of four, and, consequently, described four more crimes to you, you would have followed me with just as much attention to the end of this most improbable story, of which you and I, alas! will never know the issue.

A. T. Quiller-Couch

It was a good many years ago that J. M. Barrie observed that there were three writers in England using the curiously popular signature "Q." Of these the reputation of only one, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, has been in any degree enduring. As some English writer has remarked, Mr. Quiller-Couch has been the champion "Q" since 1890. There was a time when Mr. Barrie ventured the prophecy that Quiller-Couch would do for Cornwall what Thomas Hardy did for Dorset, although the methods of the two writers were as unlike as their counties. But, he added, that could only be done if in filling his notebook with his little Cornish comedies and tragedies Mr. Quiller-Couch was preparing for more sustained efforts.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's first book was *Dead Man's Rock*, a lurid tale of the Cornish coast, that bore a marked resemblance to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Since *Dead Man's Rock* he has changed out of all recognition. He is a realist in the sense of being a close observer of the human document. He has very decided views of fiction. "There is much *representation* of life," he once said, "and little presentation. All this involves an attitude of humility toward nature and the great facts of life. Take Hardy, for instance; see how true he is. In one of his books he tells us that he knows what kind of a tree it is that he is walking under at night, merely by the sound the wind makes, rustling through the leaves. There is an indication also of the humble study of nature. But still, while you must *represent*, you cannot get rid of *presentation*, as Mr. Howells urges must be done. A writer cannot get away from himself. I believe myself in no general statement. Each man brings forth his own work, and the critics must find this out."

Thackeray as an Editor

Last month we quoted the opinions of Lord Northcliffe and the late Charles A. Dana on Charles Dickens as an editor. Inevitably and naturally the subject suggests a comparison, as it always does, of Dickens and his great

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contemporary. Somehow the two seem to have met on almost all possible fields. Against Dickens's work as a reporter in the House of Commons there are Thackeray's experiences as Paris correspondent for the ill-starred *Constitution* and his days of hack work in Fleet Street. When Dickens was editing *Household Words*, Thackeray, with a great blare of trumpets, was assuming the direction of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In a word it was another case of Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bungay with a fine, full literary flavour. There is always the suspicion that Thackeray, in depicting the rival publishers of Paternoster Row, may have had just a thought of himself and of the author of *David Copperfield*.

Brief as was Thackeray's career as an editor—for his association with *The Snob* when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge is not to be taken seriously—it was marked by some of the liveliest and most interesting episodes of his life. At least three of his *Roundabout Papers*, "On Some Late Great Victories," "Thorns in the Cushion," and "On Screens in Dining Rooms" owe their inspiration directly to the experiences in the editorial chair. From the very moment of the establishment of the *Cornhill* until the day of his resignation he seems to have been in a constant state of irritability. It was a task for which he was by temperament utterly unfitted. He was never quite sure of his editorial judgment. He hated to say "no" to a would-be contributor. Above all, he who as a young man had poked such savage fun at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and the other men and women of the older school had become himself most sensitive to the slightest criticism, and most intolerant in his attitude toward the impertinences of youth.

When Sir George Murray Smith planned the *Cornhill* it was not his idea to have Thackeray as its editor. What he wanted for the magazine was a serial by Thackeray, and the proposition that he first made was that Thackeray should write either one or two novels of the ordinary size—one-twelfth portion of each novel to appear in each number of the magazine—in consideration of a payment of £350 each month. The terms seemed almost munificent to the novelist, who only a few years before had sold *Henry Esmond* outright for £1,000, and when he had finished reading the paper on which Smith had jotted down his proposal he said: "I am not going to put such a document as *this* into my waste-paper basket." George Smith's first choice as an editor for the *Cornhill* was Mr. Tom Hughes, but the latter felt that he was affiliated with another house and

ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

would not accept the place. Several other names came under consideration, but none seemed to be exactly suitable, and finally the publisher hit upon the idea of having Thackeray edit the magazine, Smith himself supplying the business qualifications. The proposal was made and accepted by Thackeray, who, in addition to the high rate of payment for his writings, was to receive £1,000 a year for his work as editor.

"It's to be called the *Small Beer Chronicle*," growled Wagg, "and little Popjoy is to be engaged for the infantine department."

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

The making of *French Cathedrals*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with illustrations from drawings by Joseph Pennell, is the fruit of twenty years' study in the cathedral towns of France—Provence, the Romanesque centres, Mont St. Michel, and the towns of the great Gothic churches. The originals of the drawings and etchings which illustrate the book have been purchased by the French Government, and are now in the Luxembourg Museum

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"It's to be called the *Pall Mall Gazette,* sir, and we shall be very happy to have you with us," Shandon said.

"Pall Mall Gazette! Why Pall Mall Gazette?" asked Wagg.

"Because its editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork; because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand. Won't that reason suffice you, Wagg?"

When Thackeray wrote these lines in the thirty-fourth chapter of *The History of Pendennis* he was unconsciously prophetic. For the name of the *Cornhill Magazine* was suggested by Thackeray, and was at the time made a target for ridicule. To label a magazine with the name of a street was characterised as unworthy of the dignity of literature. Next, said the scoffers, there would be the *Smithfield Review* or the *Leadenhall Market Magazine.* Nor were they far wrong. Again, just as Captain Shandon, from the purlieus of the Fleet Prison, had penned his trumpet call to the Gentlemen of England in behalf of the *Pall Mall,* so Thackeray, in less uncomfortable surroundings, sat down to the composition of the following elaborate letter as an advertisement of the *Cornhill:*

"THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE,"
SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
65 Cornhill, 1st November, 1859.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO A FRIEND AND CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR ——. Our Store-House being in Cornhill, we date and name our Magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling: for example, "The Thames on Fire" was a name suggested; and, placarded in red letters about the City, and Country, it would no doubt have excited some curiosity. But, on going to London Bridge, the expectant rustic would have found the stream rolling on its accustomed course, and would have turned away angry at being hoaxed. Sensible people are not to be misled by fine prospectuses and sounding names: the present writer has been for five-and-twenty years before the world, which has taken his measure pretty accurately. We are too long acquainted to try and deceive one another; and were I to propose any such astounding feat as that above announced, I know quite well how the schemer would be received, and the scheme would end.

You, then, who ask what *The Cornhill Magazine* is to be, and what sort of articles you shall supply for it?—if you were told that the Editor, known hitherto only by his published writings, was in reality a great reformer, philosopher, and wiseacre, about to expound prodigious doctrines and truths until now unrevealed, to guide and direct the peoples, to pull down the existing order of things, to edify new social or political structures, and, in a word, to set the Thames on Fire; if you heard such designs ascribed to him—*risum teneatis?* You know I have no such pretensions; but, as an Author who has written long, and had the good fortune to find a very great number of readers, I think I am not mistaken in supposing that they give me credit for experience and observation, for having lived with educated people in many countries, and seen the world in no small variety; and, having heard me soliloquise, with so much kindness and favour, and say my own say about life, and men and women, they will not be unwilling to try me as Conductor of a Concert, in which I trust many skilful performers will take part.

We hope for a large number of readers, and must seek, in the first place, to amuse and interest them. Fortunately for some folks, novels are as daily bread to others; and fiction of course must form a part, but only a part of our entertainment. We want, on the other hand, as much reality as possible—discussion and narrative of events interesting to the public, personal adventures and observation, familiar reports on scientific discovery, description of Social Institutions,—*quicquid agunt homines,*—a Great Eastern, a battle in China, a Race-Course, a popular Preacher;—there is hardly any subject we *don't* want to hear about, from lettered and instructed men who are competent to speak on it.

I read the other day in *The Illustrated London News* (in my own room at home) that I was at that moment at Bordeaux, purchasing first-class claret for first-class contributors, and second class for those of inferior *cru.* Let me adopt this hospitable simile; and say that at our contributors' table I do not ask or desire to shine especially myself, but to take my part occasionally, and to invite pleasant and instructed gentlemen and ladies to contribute their share to the conversation. It may be a Foxhunter, who has the turn to speak; or a Geologist, Engineer, Manufacturer, Member of the House of Commons, Lawyer,

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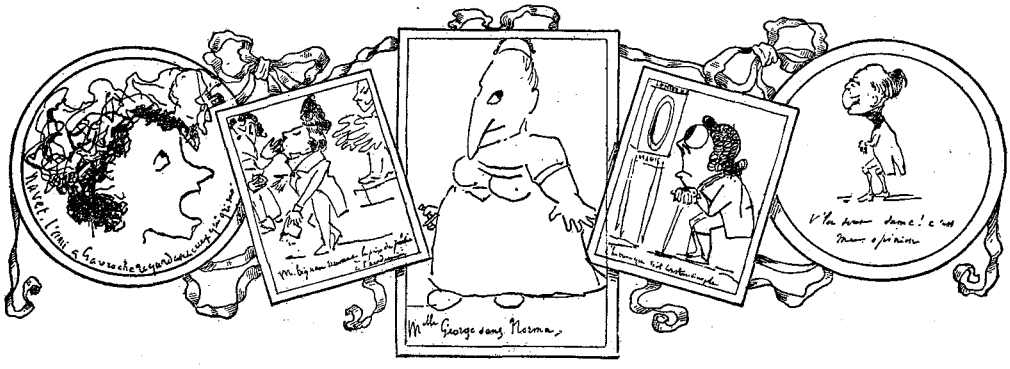

CARICATURES BY VICTOR HUGO

Chemist,—what you please. If we can only get people to tell what they know, pretty briefly and good-humouredly, and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it! If our friends have good manners, a good education, and write in good English, the company, I am sure, will be all the better pleased; and the guests, whatever their rank, age, sex be, will be glad to be addressed by well-educated gentlemen and women. A professor ever so learned, a curate in his country retirement, an artisan after work-hours, a schoolmaster or mistress when the children are gone home, or the young ones themselves when their lessons are over, may like to hear what the world is talking about, or be brought into friendly communication with persons whom the world knows. There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table, we shall suppose the ladies and children always present, we shall not set rival politicians by the ears; we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say; and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn. The kindly fruits of the earth, which grow for all,—may we not enjoy them with friendly hearts? The field is immensely wide; the harvest perennial, and rising everywhere; we can promise competent fellow-labourers a welcome and a good wage; and hope a fair custom from the public for our stores at *The Cornhill Magazine*.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Of the first number of the *Cornhill*, appearing for January, 1860, some one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold. This was then without precedent in English serial literature. To achieve such a success no expense had been spared. In his "Recollections" Sir George Murray Smith gives some very interesting figures. The largest amount expended on the literature of a single number was £1,183 3s 8d (August, 1862). The total expenditure under that head for the first four years was £32,280 11s, the illustrations costing in addition £4,376 11s. To George Eliot for *Romola* was made the highest payment for a novel. This was £7,000. Thackeray received the highest rate given for short articles—£12, 12s a page for his *Roundabout Papers*. To Tennyson, Sir George made an offer of 5,000 guineas for a poem that should be the same length as *Idylls of the King* on the condition that the poem be first printed serially in the *Cornhill*. Nothing came of this proposal, but Thackeray obtained from Tennyson the poem "Tithonus" for the second number of the magazine.

Cornhill Payments

A feature of the *Cornhill* was the monthly dinner at the table of the publisher. There gathered all the principal contributors of the magazine. Edmund Yates, who had had a bitter quarrel with Thackeray, in which Dickens was in a measure implicated, wrote an account of one of these dinners, which he described as "tremendously heavy." The article went on to speak of the proprietor of the *Cornhill* as "a good man, but totally unread," and said that on Thackeray asking him whether Dr. Johnson was dining behind the screen, an allusion to the old story, he had replied: "God bless my soul,

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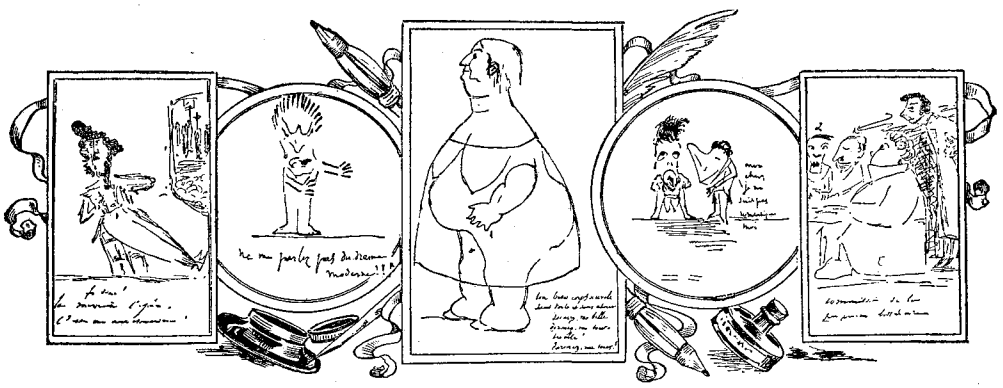

CARICATURES BY VICTOR HUGO

my dear sir, there's no person by the name of Johnson here, nor any one behind the screen." It was further related in the article that Thackeray had touched up a contributor's paper; and that he once said to a literary gentleman, who was proudly pointing to an anonymous article as his writing, "Ah! I thought I recognised *your hoof* in it." In Yates's account it was not so much the editor as the publisher of the *Cornhill* who was held up to ridicule, but Thackeray took up the cudgels in the brilliant "On Screens in Dining Rooms," one of the last of the *Roundabout Papers* that appeared during his editorship. The task had become too irksome. No one can read his letters of this period and doubt that it was a wise decision when he stepped from the chair of the *Cornhill* to resume for a brief year or so the *métier* that was truly his.

A Hugo Anniversary

In Paris they have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance of the first part of Victor Hugo's *La Légende des Siècles,* which critics have acclaimed as the high-water mark of his achievement in lyrical epic. The poem was the first work of the poet during his residence in the island of Guernsey. In October, 1855, Hugo had been expelled from Jersey. He crossed to Guernsey and there rented Hauteville House, in which he lived until the fall of the Empire. *La Légende des Siècles* was begun under the title *Petites Epopées,* the change to the later name being made only a few months before publication. He was at work on the epic for almost four years, and after it was finished he began writing *Les Misérables.*

Oliver Optic's Method

Although of recent years the books of the late William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic) have been to a large extent overlooked by juvenile readers, there was a time when the position he held among boy readers was one of unchallenged supremacy. This was due to the fact that his books won not only the interest of the boy but the approval of the parent. For the benefit of the latter he always gave eight or ten pages of sound morality. To a friend he once told of his method. "My books are successful because they are written according to a definite formula. I am very careful to put in the moral, and so the parent is pleased. But I put it near the end of the book, and I always warn the boy that it is coming and where it is coming. He knows that it begins at page 324 and ends on page 332, let us say, and that on page 333 he can take up again the uninterrupted narrative."

Kansas Explains

The Kansas City *Star* in its issue of Friday, October 1st, is good enough to enlighten us on the subject of the "low-necked" hack. "It is hard to believe that the sensitive precisionists of THE BOOKMAN are not shamming," comments the *Star*. "They must know the word if only to disapprove of it. Surely no term is more self-revealing, more *décolleté* in its verbal

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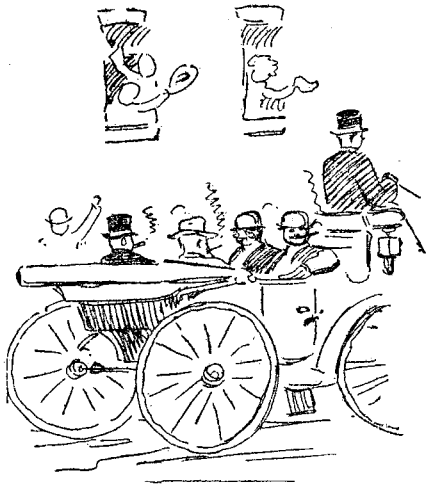
garb than that which described the vehicle into which the home-coming William Allen White was loaded at Emporia that joyous day. There must be plenty of low-necked hacks in New York, where THE BOOKMAN can see them, for they are carriages of the kind that aldermen ride in in civic and patriotic and St. Patrick's Day parades. Everywhere in this proud land, and all other lands wherein plug hats are worn upon grave and glorious occasions, they are the vehicles signifying especial merits in their occupants. When kings show themselves to their people, when celebrities proceed to the unveiling of monuments, when distinguished visitors go forth to gratify the



THE "LOW-NECKED" HACK

populace, it is in low-necked hacks that they ride;" and, lest the identification be still incomplete, the *Star* has printed for our benefit the accompanying sketch of a "'low-necked' hack in the act of fulfilling its high public service." While on the subject of the low-necked hack we take occasion to call the attention of readers to the fact that Mr. White's *A Certain Rich Man* is a book very much worth while reading.

The paragraph regarding the forthcoming volume upon American Indian Songs prompted the author to write a brief note of acknowledgment which he mailed as he left his office on the afternoon of September 30th.

F. R. Burton

Twenty-four hours later, the letter by a strange coincidence reached the writer of the paragraph in question simultaneously with a copy of the *Evening Sun* containing the announcement of Mr. Burton's death. He had returned the night before to his summer home at Lake Hopatcong, apparently in his usual condition of health; but certain organic weaknesses, left by a severe attack of pneumonia during the previous winter, served to explain the death which came to him suddenly and unforeseen during the night.

Although forty-nine years of age, Mr. Burton was just beginning to achieve the recognition for which he had been striving. An indefatiguable worker, he had from necessity, through many years of his life, put aside the work for which he was best fitted and which he was ambitious to achieve and spent his vitality in a cheaper order of fiction which his fertile, inventive power and ease of production enabled him to put forth with surprising rapidity. Readers of THE BOOKMAN are more or less familiar with the various surprising records that have been made by just a few men in the field of the dime novel, and will therefore not question the possibility of Mr. Burton's achievement of writing, under contract, a series of stories of adventure of the average novel length with clock-work regularity at the rate of twelve a year.

In this connection, a curious bit of inside history regarding an unpublished detective story and the reason for its failure of publication is worth recording. Ten years or more ago, a series of prizes for the best detective story were offered by a certain well-known Western newspaper, and Mr. Burton, in collaboration with a fellow-craftsman, entered the competition. Their story, the theme of which involved an ingenious method of robbing a safe in spite of the protection afforded by a time-lock, was one of the five which won prizes, and the authors' portraits were duly published in the issue of the paper which announced the result of the competition. The prize money, constituting a considerable sum, was promptly paid over; but to the author's surprise, although the other four winning stories

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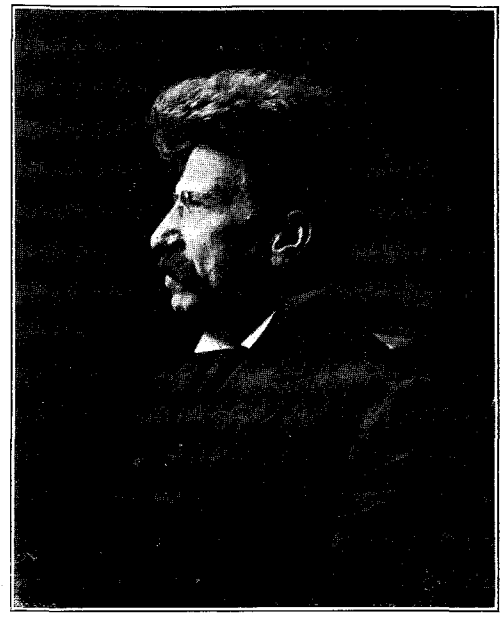
were published, that of the time-lock failed to appear. After a few weeks a representative of the paper called upon Mr. Burton, explaining that the editor was anxious to know what authority he had for his story, and whether it would really be possible to rob a bank after the fashion that he had set forth. With the help of a pencil and a few diagrams, Mr. Burton easily proved the accuracy of the method to the apparent satisfaction of his interviewer, and thereafter looked forward to a prompt appearance of the story. But a few days later the secret of the delay was revealed. A special envoy of the paper waited upon him, full of consternation and apology, and prepared to make any amends within reason, but was emphatic in announcing that it was absolutely impossible to publish the story because, after expert investigation, they had become convinced that if it should appear in print, it would destroy the protective power of every time-lock safe in the country. And the representative of the newspaper did not take his leave until he had obtained what Mr. Burton under the circumstances readily granted a signed agreement releasing the paper from its obligation to publish the story and solemnly pledging himself not to attempt to publish it elsewhere. Accordingly, the curiosity piqued by this bit of inside history is likely never to be gratified.



FREDERICK R. BURTON

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS FRANK HIRD

This portrait shows Mr. Frank Hird, the author of *The Deeper Stain*, as Waller in *A Masque of Penshurst Place*, an historical pageant commemorating domestic life and vicissitudes of the owners of Penshurst Place from the time of Edward I to the reign of George II. The present owner is Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. Mr. Hird was the author of the *Masque*.

A Gem of Comic Art

If Mr. Carnegie, who has a keen eye for the recognition of merit everywhere, should offer a million dollars or so as a prize for the best cartoon published within the past twelve months, and if he were to make us the judge regarding such an award, we should promptly hand the money over to Mr. Walter Tittle for the extremely clever drawing that appeared in our contemporary, *Life* of October 7th. The North Pole chaser, *The Roosevelt,* is seen dashing homeward amid ice floes. Its

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prow is adorned with a *pince-nez* and a familiar set of teeth; while from the deck a frantic person, clothed in furs, is roaring through a megaphone, the blasting epithet "Liar!" Underneath the cartoon are printed the words, "Sounds natural, doesn't it?" Not having Mr. Carnegie's million to dispose of, we can merely present our admiring compliments to Mr. Tittle and our congratulations to *Life*.

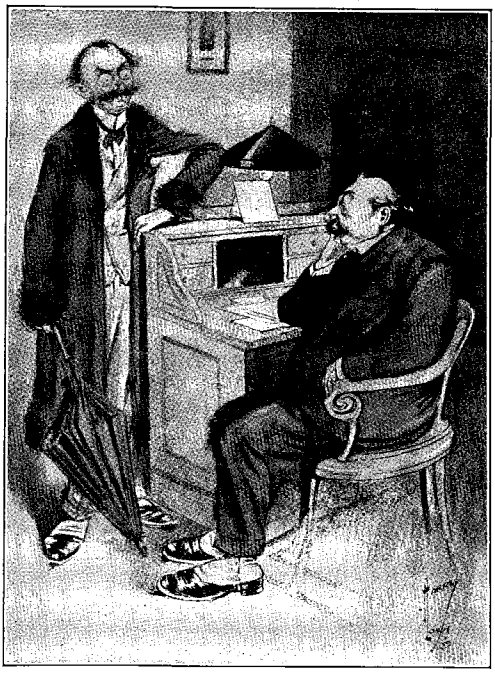
The Rev. Dr. Curtis Guild

The past summer witnessed a number of interesting ceremonies at several foreign universities. One was the celebration by the University of Cambridge of Darwin's centenary; the second was the jubilee on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University of Geneva by Calvin. The University of Leipzig commemorated in gorgeous fashion its five hundredth birthday; while the University of Louvain, once known as "The Belgian Athens," rejoiced over the seventy-fifth anniversary of its reorganisation, recalling, however, its early days when Erasmus resided there and when Lipsius taught. A great number of delegates from the United States attended these festivities; and at the University of Geneva there occurred a somewhat amusing incident. The pundits of Geneva conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon ex-Governor Curtis Guild of Massachusetts. Now, Governor Guild is well deserving of academic distinction, but his nearest friends never suspected him of devoting much time to theological study. Quite the contrary. It was a great mystery to all the Americans present why he should have been singled out for promotion to a doctorship in divinity. Inquiry brought out the fact that he had once been a lay delegate to a Unitarian conference. This was an explanation of a sort; but every one

FAMOUS LITERARY LIONS—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Drawn by Joseph Simpson

By courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley



WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR: I sent in a few contributions to you a day or two ago, sir, which I am sure would improve your paper. Have you carried out any of my ideas?

EDITOR: Did you happen to notice a red-headed office-boy with a waste-paper basket going downstairs?

CONTRIBUTOR: I did, sir.

EDITOR: Well, he was busy carrying out your ideas.

—From the London *Sketch*.

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MISS NELL GILMORE AS MARGRET NEILSEN MR. HALL CAINE AS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

chuckled on remembering that had Calvin been alive and had Governor Guild then visited Geneva, he would probably have been roasted to a crisp as a Socinian, instead of receiving high ecclesiastical honour. But, after all, times have changed. Calvin's university is to-day almost anything but Calvinistic. In fact, the only foreign scholars who failed to receive any special recognition were the Scottish professors who came from the one country in the world where Calvinism now has any hold.

Hall Caine—Mummer

A year ago we presented a picture of Mr. George Bernard Shaw playing the part of the Beadle in his play *Getting Married*. That achievement on the part of Mr. Shaw was much talked about, and in consequence was apparently disturbing to Mr. Hall Caine, who recently found an opportunity of "going G. Bernard considerably better." Mr. Caine's play, *The Prodigal Son*, based on the novel of the same name, was being given recently at a theatre in the Isle of Man, when the actor playing the part of the Governor-General suddenly fell violently ill. Mr. Caine stepped into the breach and filled the vacant part, for which there was no understudy. He appeared in ordinary dress, and played the part, in all, three times.

Some Mistakes

There are some mistakes that it is useless to attempt to explain in any ordinary way. Such a one appeared in the Chronicle and Comment of our last issue in connection with the portrait of Mrs. Elsa Barker. The writer of the caption for that portrait knew perfectly well that the title of Mrs. Barker's book, recently published by Duffield and Company, was *The Son of Mary Bethel*. Why then did he calmly write under the portrait "Elsa Barker, author of *Mary of Magdala*"?

NOVEMBER

The world is tired, the year is old,
The little leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
Among the rushes dry.

Our love is dying like the grass,
And we who kissed grow coldly kind,
Half glad to see our poor love pass
Like leaves along the wind.

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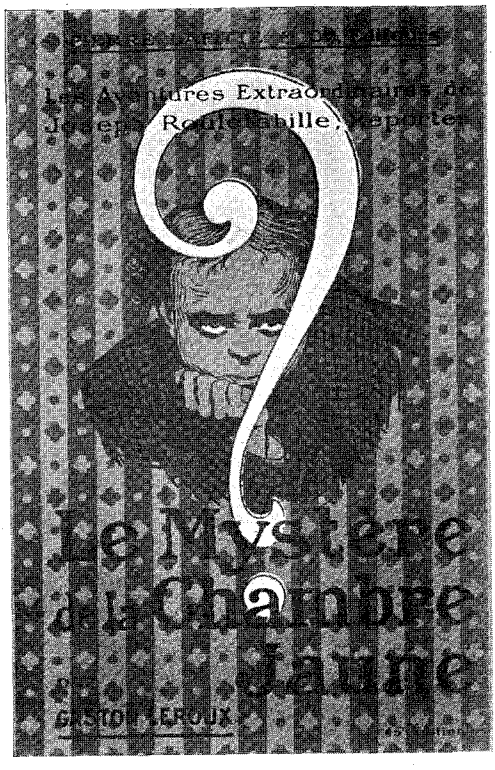
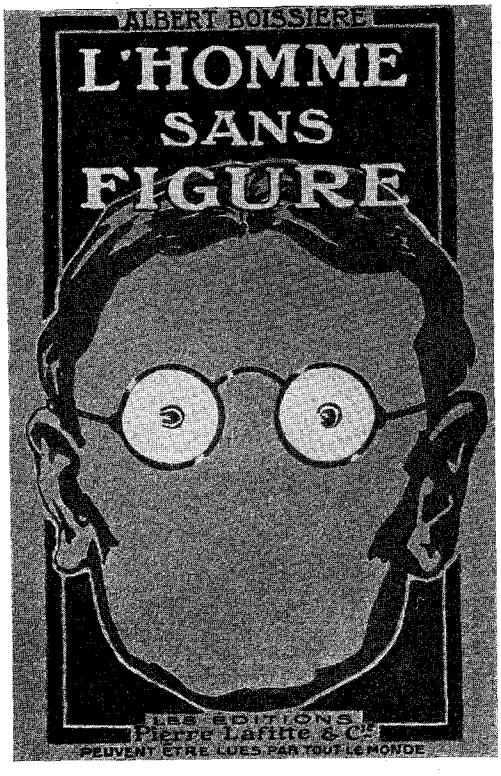
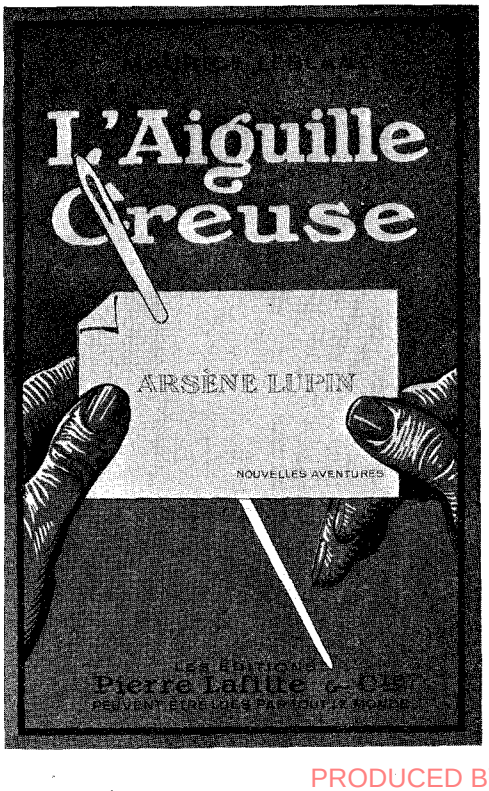
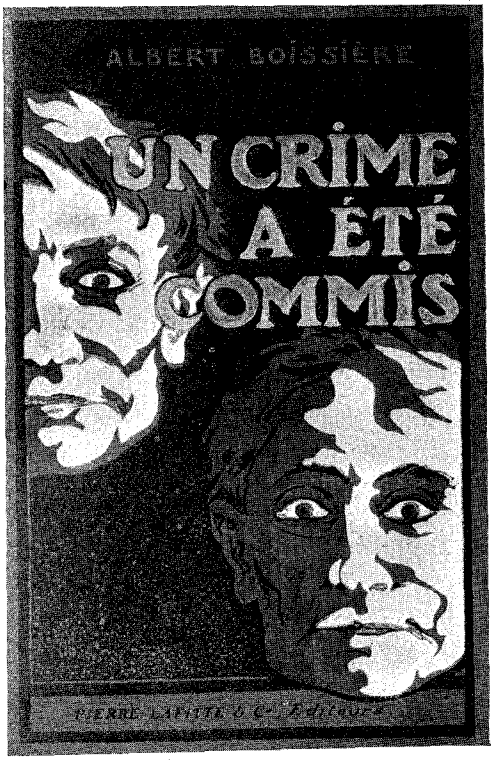
SOME RECENT FRENCH "THRILLERS"









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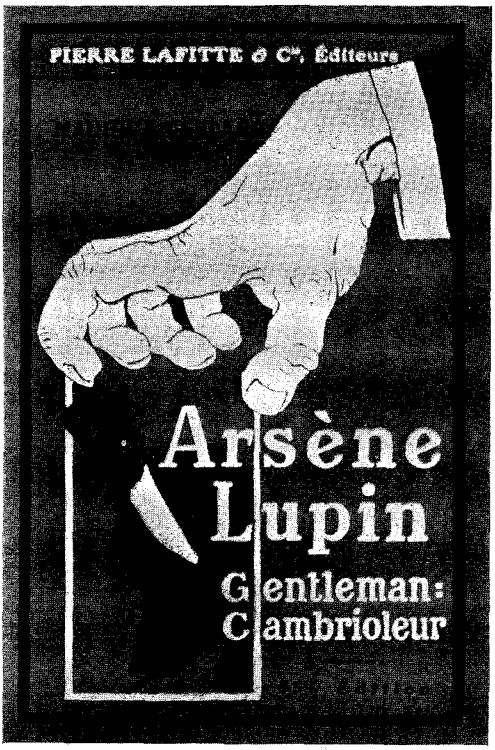

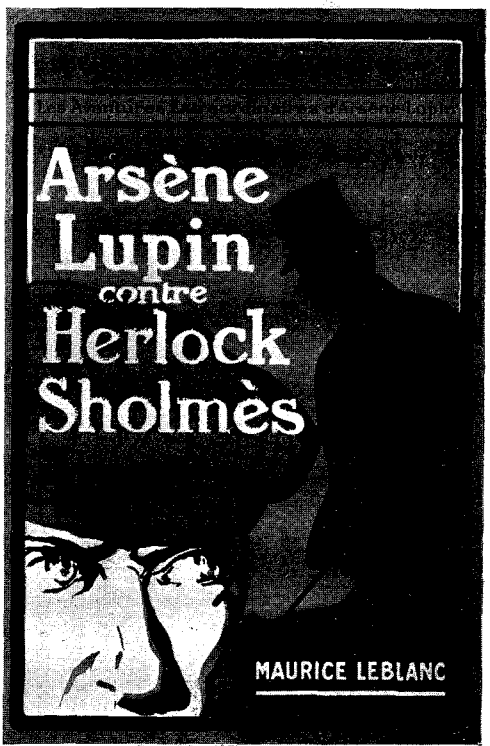

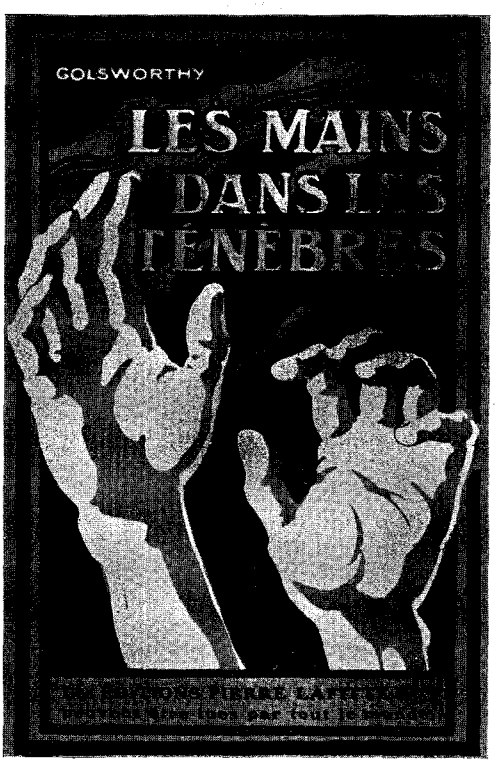

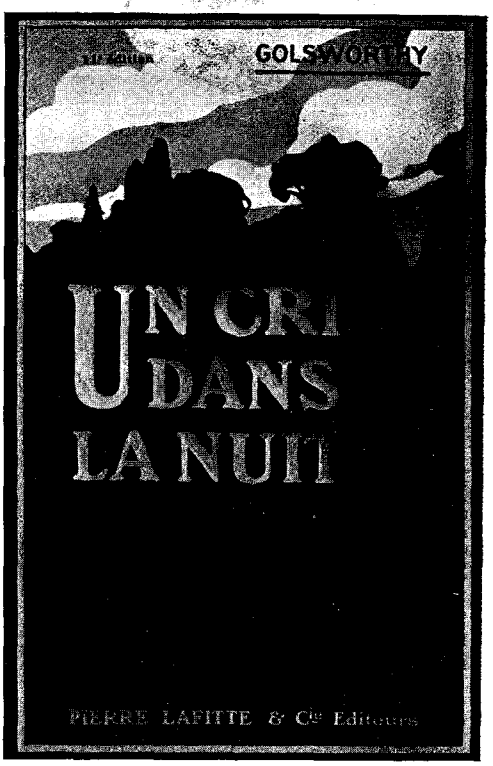

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SENSATIONAL PLOTS OF GRAND OPERAS

TO compare the grand operas attended by the elect of the social, financial and intellectual world to the fervid melodramas delighting the Gallery Gods, may seem not far removed from treason, but a careful analysis of the plots of those masterpieces of musical genius, such as *Carmen, Rigoletto, La Tosca, Faust,* and others not so well known, convinces one that these operas are not very remote from the thrillers occupying the stage of the popular-price theatres.

As space will not permit a complete résumé of the long list of those musical dramas in which crime in practically

DON JOSÉ, FINDING THAT HE HAS BEEN FORSAKEN FOR ESCAMILLO, THE BULL-FIGHTER, STABS CARMEN

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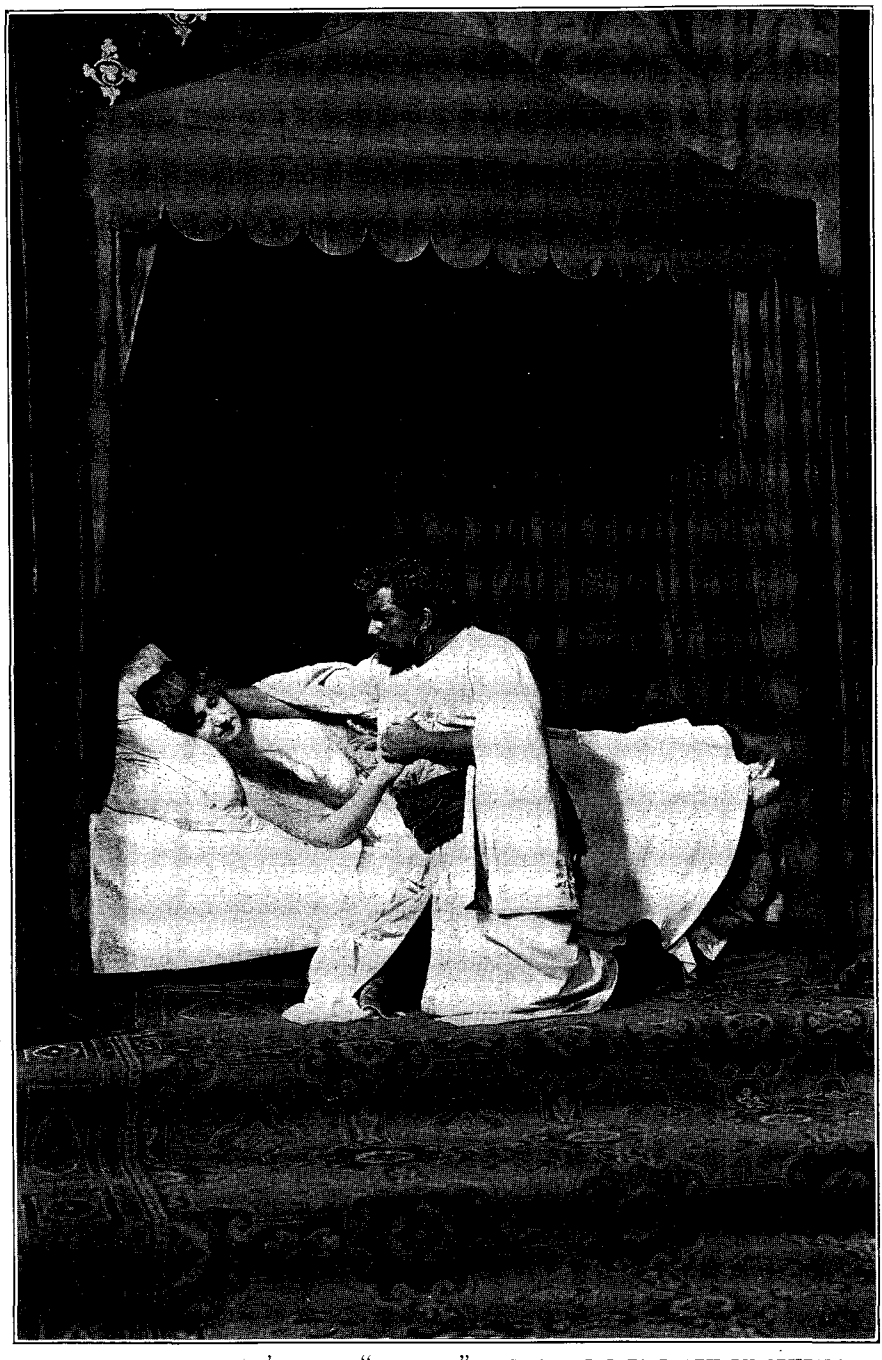
every form manifests itself, this article must be confined to those more familiar to the music-loving public.

In some of the operas mentioned in the following lines, several different crimes are committed in one opera, so that it is difficult to place them under one category of crime. Should you have a longing to



DESDEMONA, IN VERDI'S OPERA "OTHELLO," IS SMOTHERED TO DEATH BY OTHELLO

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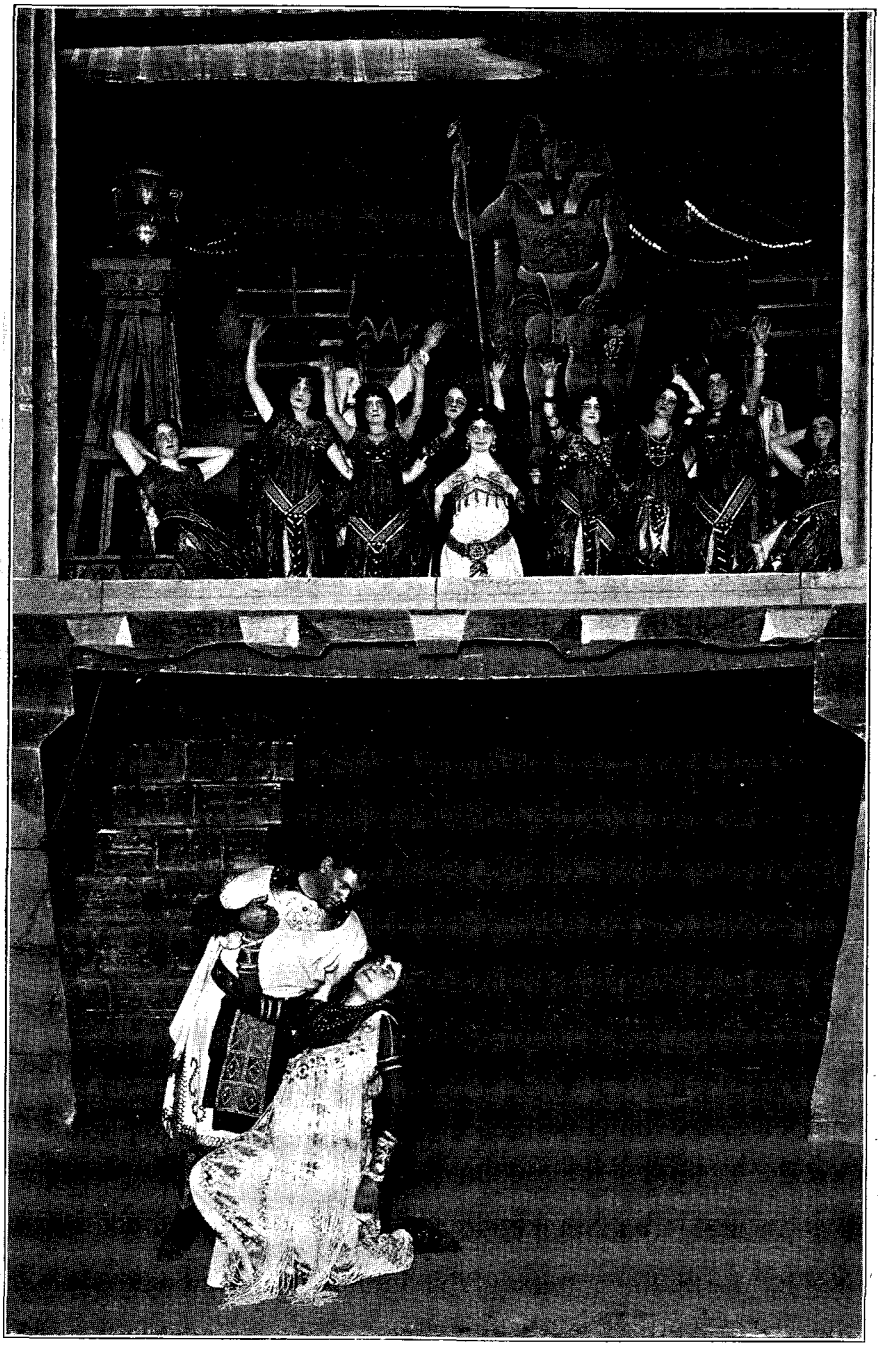

IN "AIDA," RADAMES, THE EGYPTIAN GENERAL, IS BURIED ALIVE FOR HAVING REVEALED TO AIDA, THE ETHIOPIAN SLAVE GIRL, THE SECRETS OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR PLANS

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witness death by stabbing attend a performance of the romantic opera of *Euryanthe,* by Von Weber. Eglantine de Puiset, a prisoner, who has taken refuge in the castle of Nevers, ingratiates herself so much with Euryanthe of Savoy, that the latter befriends the false woman, who proves a traitor to her benefactress. On learning of the extent of her deceitfulness, her bridegroom, Lysiart, stabs her in his fury.

If this does not prove exciting enough see Massenet's *Le Roi de Lahore,* where King Alim in a war against the Mussulmans is deserted by his army and killed, but is allowed by the divinities to return to earth. He is recognised by his love, Nair, a priestess of Indra; they are pursued by Scindia, a traitor, who has previously forced Nair to become his wife. Rather than again submit to him Nair stabs herself, whereupon Alim dies (for the second time).

In Verdi's operas his characters are gotten rid of in a most expeditious manner. In this composer's lyric drama *Ballo in Maschera,* Count Richard, Governor of Boston, loves the wife of his secretary and best friend, René, who stabs him with a dagger. Desdemona, in the opera of *Othello,* also by Verdi, is smothered to death by her jealous husband, Othello, who stabs himself. Rodirigo is killed by Cassio.

The grand opera of *Hamlet,* by Ambroise Thomas, is marked by the suicide of Ophelia. Hamlet runs his sword through Claudius, his stepfather, and murderer of his father.

Robert Schumann wrote a four-act opera entitled *Genoveva,* where Siegfried, count of the Palatinate, leaves his wife, Genoveva, in the protection of his friend, Golo, who is secretly in love with her. Drago, a faithful steward of Genoveva, is stabbed with a daggar by Golo, who later meets his fate by falling over a precipice.

We are told in Donizetti's masterpiece, *Lucia di Lammermoor,* that Lucia loved Edgardo; was compelled to marry Arthur, Lord Bucklaw, whom she killed in the bridal room. Lucia died, and Edgardo, hearing of these events, stabbed himself as the funeral bells tolled for Lucia.

Bizet's opera of *Carmen,* the Spanish gypsy, is so familiar that it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of Don José, who, after he gives up everything for this passionate creature, finds that he has been forsaken for Escamillo, the bull-fighter, and stabs Carmen. In that tragic gem *Pagliacci,* by Leoncavallo, Canio stabs his false wife, Nedda, and also kills Silvio, the lover of Nedda.

Next in order we will visit a few of the operas in which shooting and duelling are the principal methods of causing one hastily to meet death. In the romantic opera of *Der Freischütz,* by Von Weber, Caspar, who has sold himself to the Devil, is shot by a bullet fired by Max, a young huntsman, its course being directed by his Satanic Majesty. One of the first of Verdi's operas, *Don Carlos,* contains the character of the Marquis Posa of Spain, who is falsely accused of being a traitor to his country and is shot. Julius Benedict was the composer of the opera *The Lily of Killarney,* in which Danny Mann, a boatman, has as a passenger in his rowboat Eily, wife of Hardress Cregan. Danny demands Eily's marriage certificate; she refuses, and is pushed into the water. Myles mistakes Danny for another, shoots him, and plunges in and saves Eily.

There are comparatively few persons who have not witnessed a performance of Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl,* probably the best known of all grand operas. The Gypsy Queen, finding Thaddeus (with whom she is in love) embracing Arline, induces one of her tribe to fire at him, but by the timely interference of Devilshoof, the bullet intended for Thaddeus pierces the breast of the Queen.

The historic opera by Auber, *Ballo in Maschera,* or *Gustavus the Third,* tells of Gustavus, King of Sweden, who loves the wife of his friend and counsellor, Ankarstrom, and who is shot through the heart by him. Consisting of only one act, yet the opera of *Cavalleria Rusticana,* by Mascagni, allows Turridu to forsake Santuzza, whom he has wooed, for Lola, the wife of Alfio, who kills him. In Massenet's *Le Cid,* Count Gormas is killed in a duel with Rodrigue, a knight whose father had been insulted by Gormas. Many things happen in *Les Huguenots,* by Meyerbeer. Raoul de Nangis falls in

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love with Valentine and promises to marry her; later, thinking her false and wicked, he takes back his word. Valentine remains true to Raoul, and finally both are killed. Rossini's *William Tell* kills Gessler, the Austrian governor. *The Maccabees,* by Anton Rubinstein, tells the story of Boas, who is killed by Judah for proving a traitor to the Jewish faith. King Antiochus of Syria is shot by the Israelites. Leah dies of worry. Lenski, who loves Olga, is killed in a duel with Eugen Onegin (in Tschaikowsky's opera of that name), his friend, who has aroused the jealousy of Lenski.

If these methods are too bloodthirsty to suit, we will attend a few performances of poisoning operas. Leonore takes poison in Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* and her husband, Manrico, is executed by order of his own brother. *L'Africaine,* one of Meyerbeer's last operas, records the death of Selika, a slave girl, whom Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese navigator, found on one of his voyages. She inhales the deadly perfume of the blossoms of the manzanilla tree and dies, being unable to endure life without Vasco, who loves Donna Inez, Admiral Diego's daughter. Donizetti, in the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia,* allows that lady at a festival to mix poison with the wine, which is drunk by the entire company of young men, including Gennaro, Lucrezia's son (who was not invited). The entire company dies, including the murderess. When Arthur Dimmesdale, in Walter Damrosch's *The Scarlet Letter,* ascends the pillory and dies, Hester Prynne, who accompanies him, poisons herself and also dies. Mercutio is killed in a duel (in *Romeo e Giulietta,* by Gounod) by Tybalt, who is later killed by Romeo. Romeo takes poison and dies in the presence of Juliet, who stabs herself when she sees that he is lost to her forever.

Not having knives or pistols or poison or other means with which to aid in their retreat from this world, quite a number employed different methods of obtaining the same result. Cesar Angelotti, an escaped political prisoner, is found, but escapes by suicide in *La Tosca* (by Puccini). Tosca stabs Scarpia, the chief of police, who has offered the alternative to her of her lover's death or her own dishonour. Cavaradossi, her lover, is unwittingly killed by the soldiers. As Tosca sees the guards approaching to arrest her for her crime, she leaps to death from the prison walls. Paderewski, the pianist, wrote *Manru,* in which Ulana, who is married to Manru, a gypsy, throws herself into a lake when she finds her husband going away with Asa, his gypsy love. Urok, an ugly dwarf, who is in love with Ulana, pushes Manru into a lake (where we hope he is drowned).

In Auber's *Masaniello,* or *La Muette de Portici,* Masaniello loses his reason and is killed in fight. Fenella, a dumb girl, hearing of her brother's death, throws herself into the burning lava of Vesuvius. *The Evangelimann,* with words and music by Wilhelm Kienzl, narrates the story of Martha, the niece of Frederic Engel, the rich warden of the convent of the Benedictines in St. Othmar, in Austria, who drowns herself during her lover's twenty years' false imprisonment for incendiarism. During the course of the opera *The Folkungs,* by Edmund Kretschmer, Bengt, Duke of Schoonen, with an accomplice, compels the Prince Magnus, second son of the King of Sweden, to choose between death and a nameless life in a convent. He accepts the latter. He leaves the convent, and on this fact becoming known to Bengt he attempts to kill his accomplice in his deeds, but fails, and is thrown into the sea by the populace.

Especially sad are the recitals of the violent deaths recorded in these musical dramas. Verdi allows Radames, the Egyptian general, to be buried alive as punishment for having revealed to Aida (in the opera of that name), the Ethiopian slave girl whom he loves, the secrets of the Egyptian war plans. Aida, who has entered the tomb, dies with her lover. The same composer permits Gilda, the daughter of Rigoletto (in that opera) to sacrifice her life in order to save that of the Duke of Mantua, who has deceived her. The romantic opera by Wagner, *Der Fliegende Holländer,* places before us the voluntary drowning of Senta, the guileless daughter of Daland, a Norwegian skipper, who by her refusal to rend her faith with the Dutchman, causes the spell of the Flying

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Dutchman to be broken. During the opera of *Marguerite* (or *Faust*), by Gounod, Marguerite's brother Valentin is killed by her seducer, Faust. Marguerite loses her mind and drowns her newborn child. Just as the bells are tolling for her execution she expires. Somewhat similar is Boito's *Mephistopheles,* where Marguerite, who is in prison for murdering her babe, dies in the third act. In the epilogue Faust dies.

Not satisfied with murder in a retail fashion, these operas kill off their characters in a wholesale manner. In Wagner's first opera, *Rienzi,* or the *Last of the Tribunes,* Rienzi, Irene and Adriano perish in the burning capitol. Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* details the story of Bertha, who, finding that her bridegroom and the prophet are the same, stabs herself in the presence of the prophet, John von Leyden, who sets fire to the vault of the castle containing gunpowder. All the occupants of the building are killed, including the prophet and his mother. Mozart's opera, *Don Juan,* claimed by some to be the greatest work of this kind ever written by a German musician, allows Don Juan to attack the virtue of Donna Anna, daughter of the governor of a Spanish city. Her father while attempting to help his daughter is stabbed by Don Juan. At the grave of the Governor, Don Juan mocks the dead and invites him to a supper. Refusing to repent, the demons of Hell devour Don Juan and his palace. Gertrud, a fishermaiden, loves and is loved by Hunold Singuf, the Piper of Hamelin (from which title Victor Nessler's opera derives its name). They are both banished from their country. Gertrud throws herself into the river. To avenge her death Hunold lures away all the children, who are swallowed up by the mountains. For an exciting opera attend a performance of Saint Saëns's *Samson and Delila,* where Samson slays Abimelech with his own sword. Samson is blinded by the Philistines; he stands between two pillars of the temple, exerts all his strength, and the building falls amid the cries of terror of the Philistines.

But these operas fade into the background and become as stories for the young when compared with Richard Strauss's opera *Salome.* In this work, the text of which "was the obscene production of a decadent genius," John the Baptist is beheaded to satisfy the demands of Salome. After his head is brought before this charming young lady, she enters into the most nauseating rapture over it. Salome, however, receives her reward by being crushed beneath the shields of the soldiers by order of Herod.

Guy A. Ourand.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

WE have received the following temperately written letter from a resident of Chicago:

I beg to enclose herewith an item from your August issue.

I am curious to know your idea in wording the first sentence as you have. Are you endeavouring to place yourselves in the same class and category as your worthy contemporary, *Life,* and sundry hotels? If so, it might be well for you to publish the fact on the title page of your magazine. Suppose those printed forms had been signed by the name of Sullivan, would you have noted the fact that he was necessarily a Catholic? What would you have said if the printed forms had been signed by the name of Smith?

It seems to me that a magazine of the standing that yours has enjoyed should be above anything that has any taint of what one might be led in this instance to believe. I do not ask for an apology, even if you might feel disposed to offer one; I simply feel sorry that you found it necessary to write as you have, as I assure you the paragraph would have been just as interesting without the descriptive word used.

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The sentence to which our correspondent takes exception is one in which we spoke of having received a lottery advertisement from a person "whose name indicates a Semitic origin." Just why this should be objectionable, we really cannot see, since the word "Semitic" has no religious connotation. A Semite may be either a Muhammadan or a Jew or a Syrian Christian. Taking up the possible instance suggested in the letter above, if the printed forms had been signed by the name of Sullivan, we should certainly not have noted the fact that he was necessarily a Catholic, because we could not have been sure of that. We might, however, with perfect safety, have remarked that his name was Irish. Had the documents come to us from some one who signed himself Smith, we should have been justified in assuming that he was of Anglo-Saxon stock. In other words, our classification was entirely racial, and not at all religious. We abhor any form of religious prejudice, however slightly it may be shown; and if we have ever inadvertently exhibited any such intolerance, we should offer an apology for it. But we are sure that our correspondent, on thinking the matter over, will see that he has done us a certain injustice, for which, however, in our turn we ask no apology from him.

II

Our readers are brightening our daily mail by sending us communications on coloured post-cards. Thus, for instance, from Comfort, Texas, comes an admirable view of a goat-ranch, which we add to our collection with much gratitude. We do not quite understand, however, why the writer should have addressed us as "Dear Madam." Furthermore, the communication itself seems rather irrelevant. All the same we give it here.

On the day following his presidential defeat, Horace Greeley was told by one W. Reid that his services were no longer required by the *Tribune*. Greeley died shortly after—brain fever. Now Mr. Winter plays the rôle of the squeezed orange. All of which may be history.

This story may or may not be authentic, but it certainly is not new. Assuming its truth, might it not have been quite natural for Mr. Reid to think that a person suffering from "brain fever" was not exactly the best sort of an editor for the *Tribune?*

III

The Gentleman from British Columbia, who, for a long time past has been writing us from Montana and Idaho, has finally reached home. We acknowledge from him the receipt of a post-card depicting an Indian war-canoe race in the inner harbour off Victoria, B. C. Many thanks. On the front he says:

So he wasn't a bear that walked like a man —simply Joseph R. Kipling. Many of us are much relieved. Long live H. T. P.!

THE G. FROM B. C.

IV

From a very faithful reader in Probo, Utah, comes a letter of disillusionment. We can't print it all, but we extract enough from it to make its purport clear to all our readers.

I have long been an enamoured reader of THE BOOKMAN. Its stuff has been my Bible-reading for many years. In some incomprehensible way I gathered to myself the idea that it was the ultimate authority on everything worthy of note in the literary world. It was infallible. Its stuff was good stuff all the time. In the course of events I was married, and in due time I introduced my wife to THE BOOKMAN'S cultured pages. I took infinite delight in quoting to her its sayings. THE BOOKMAN says this; THE BOOKMAN says that. I dinged THE BOOKMAN in her ears until she accepted it at my valuation and even reflected upon me some of the fame and glory which I had attributed to it. That I was a constant reader of such a magazine placed me upon a pedestal, and brought to me unexpected homage.

But, now behold the wreck of all my pleasure! When the September issue of THE BOOKMAN came to me, I carried it home with all the usual anticipation of the good things to be found therein. With my wife I cut its pages, scanned it hurriedly through, then turned back to the beginning and began to read. After "Chronicle and Comment," etc., etc., we came

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upon something that resembled a poem. We started to read it. Horrors! Such utter doggerel. Who could be guilty of such a thing? At the end was the name, "Carolyn Wells." I hastily turned a page and began reading the next article. Surreptitiously I caught a glimpse of my wife's face. It was white! Silently she took my hand in hers and forced me to turn back the page and read from beginning to end the hateful thing.

With the reading all the flowers I had placed upon THE BOOKMAN'S altar withered and died. My wife no longer thought my favoured magazine infallible. Even my stature was somewhat lessened in her sight. The case is sad. I do not know what to do to rehabilitate either of us in her esteem. In my quandary I submit the case to you. But whatever advice you give me, allow me to suggest that you be more careful in the future. Carolyn Wells and all her stuff should be assigned a place in the "Inferno."

Are not these very highly respected and excellent friends of ours taking a small matter much too hard? The verses by Miss Wells were not intended to rank with the finest things in English poetry. They represent an irresponsible mood which is reflected in lines that skip and gambol, with plenty of fun; and they give the effect of having been written for the pure pleasure of expressing herself in an off-hand, rollicking way. One should always judge a writer by his or her own standards. If you set out to compose an epic poem, that is one thing. If you merely wish to have some fun with your Muse, why that is quite another.

—Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

As for Miss Wells, we can find nothing for which to criticise her, except for allowing us to go so long without one of those fetching little notes of hers, written on pale blue stationery.

V

Some one in Delaware, Ohio, has found five typographical errors in the August number of this magazine. It is really too bad, but we can't help it now.

VI

A new but sympathetic friend emerges from San Francisco. He signs his letter "Frisco Fred" and adds a postscript in which he says that if we use this name we are to apologise for him to the ladies of the California Club. We don't know why we should apologise, but we hereby do it as gracefully as we can. Now for the letter.

DEAR LETTER BOXER:

For a good many years I have been grinning with you in the Letter Box even back to the time the Lady of Pittsfield told you about the water-works. This is the first time I ever wanted to take a fall out of you.

In your September number you roast the editor of *The Forum* for allowing the title "Trans Limine" to get by him, and you also hand it to the *Evening Post* and *World* for letting things slip into the paper which are not Latin, or at least the best Latin.

Did you edit Mr. Cooper's reviews in the September number? In his first paragraph about the Cuckoo's Nest he uses the word *unsanitary*. I happened to learn something about that word during our recent campaign against rats, and the editor of one of our leading papers bowled me out for putting "unsanitary" in a headline. I suppose you did not like to monkey with Mr. Cooper's copy, because he handled some of the Dodd, Mead books rather roughly—or perhaps Mr. Cooper does not require a copy-reader to put his stuff into shape. I would like to know where "unsanitary" can be found in an English dictionary. I ask to know, so that if Mr. Cooper is right I can bowl out the editor.

I also enjoyed your little talk about Tables of Contents and the manner in which they are hidden away in the advertising pages. Then I found that my number of THE BOOKMAN had two tables of contents, likewise two sets of advertising pages. It was a ghastly sort of experience to find two pictures of Harold MacGrath so close together, and rather exasperating when I discovered that I had read Small, Maynard's page ad. about Happy Hawkins twice. It sounded familiar the second time, and I then discovered that you had rung in a repeater on me. (Pray do not get the impression that I consider Mr. MacGrath's picture ghastly. I had never seen a close-to picture of him before and was very much interested, and I was startled to see him pop out of

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the pages again.) Do you intend to double up your contents-page right along to make the magazine look fatter? Or did some other reader miss Mr. MacGrath's picture, that I might be twice thrilled? I would like to know. Thank you most to death.

We have to repeat with a certain weariness that we are not responsible for what appears in other parts of this magazine. We refer these criticisms to the Junior Editor. Another letter somewhat like the preceding should be printed here.

I noticed a little paragraph in THE BOOKMAN for September, 1909, regarding the great ignorance manifested in the articles published in certain other magazines, reading in part as follows (page 7):

"We advise the editors of the *Forum*, the *Evening Post* and the *World* to read each other's proof, and incidentally to chip in and purchase a Latin grammar."

Reading on through your magazine, I found this "quotation" in an article entitled "The New Baedeker," speaking of the waiters to be found at Atlantic City hotels: *Quails dominus, talis servus.*

Perhaps a little time used in proof-reading on the part of your editor would be better spent than in making learned comments upon the errors of other editors—or does he believe that Charity begins and ends at home?

This correspondent does not make a distinction which it is very necessary to make. When the word "quails" is used for the Latin "qualis," it is obvious that two letters have been transposed through the carelessness of a compositor. That particular thing we have never criticised, because misprints are inevitable, especially since the linotype has come into use. But when the *Forum* has "Trans Limine" for "Trans Limen," and when the *Evening Post* changes the gender of the word *persona,* by attaching to it an adjective in the masculine, and when the *World* uses *corpi* in place of *corporis,* this reveals ignorance on the part of the writers, which is a very different thing. It has pained us exceedingly that in departments of THE BOOKMAN, other than our own private preserve, French words should have been accented incorrectly, or not accented at all. As to this matter we shall confer with our esteemed colleagues.

VII

From Wilmington, North Carolina, comes a letter of only one sentence. Its brevity does not interfere with its effectiveness.

EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX:

I had "onto" in my Inferno, but must have been doing the poor little word an injustice, since you used it in the July BOOKMAN. (The Book Mart, page 556.)

We are taking "onto" out of the Book Mart and are plunging it into the hottest part of the Inferno, where it will duly appear when we next put forth a revised list.

VIII

A number of friendly but misguided readers have been writing us in protest against certain passages in the paper entitled "The Human Side of Tennyson" which appeared in our August number. We believe that their criticisms were sufficiently answered by us last month. Many of them sent us clippings from the New York *Sun* of October 1st in which there is an editorial which says that the chronology of the anecdote about Longfellow and Tennyson is rather suspicious. "How long did the 'very well-known man of letters' carry it in his mind? Speaking *a priori* we should say till about June or July, 1909. We think Professor Peck is mistaken in saying that he heard it several years ago." Of course, when the *Sun* is on the war-path it is wholly destitute of principle, but on the other hand it is apt to be clever enough not to fall into stupidity. The article on Tennyson which appeared in our August number is declared in a footnote to be reprinted, by permission, from the author's *What is Good English and Other Essays.* Now, *What is Good English* was published in 1899, or just ten years ago, and the essay on Tennyson, which it contained, had seen the light in a periodical two years earlier than that. Consequently the anecdote has now been before the public for twelve years, and it has taken the *Sun* just twelve years to discover that such an anecdote was in existence. However, the newspaper which styled President Grant a drunkard and a tyrant, which branded President Hayes as "His Fraudulency," which accused President Garfield of

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bribe-taking and perjury, which consistently called President Cleveland "The Stuffed Prophet," and ascribed to him almost every form of grossness, which maligned President McKinley and which declared President Roosevelt to be either a lunatic or a liar—such a newspaper as this cannot be expected to get around to literary matters except once in so often. Perhaps also, it is difficult for it to assume an air of startled delicacy when a few unpleasant traits are pointed out in the manners of a poet. So far as Tennyson is concerned, we have always read him with more pleasure than any other of the great English masters of verse. It is interesting, none the less, to understand the varied traits of such a man and not to think of him as being other than he was. Let us know the whole truth and then conclude with the quotation which Sherlock Holmes once flung at Watson: *L'homme c'est rien, l'œuvre c'est tout.*

IX

Here is a note that came to us last February and ought to have appeared before. It is appropriate, however, because centenaries and bicentenaries and tercentenaries are still looming up before the weary mind.

I have been disappointed in THE BOOKMAN lately; but this month it is its old, buoyant, dauntless self again. Thanks for your remarks on centenaries. Every word cries: Lincoln a *man,* every inch of him: human—no god. Milton was all that you say. Why idealise him at this late day? The world is going silly. I never could understand the universal admiration of Poe. A trickster of *sound* seems to have hypnotised mankind.

We like to have the approval of those who read our paragraphs; yet even against ourselves, we must remark that any one who by sound can "hypnotise mankind" must be rather wonderful. By the way, this post-card, which comes from San Diego, shows a view of two large palm trees. We add it with pleasure to our collection.

X

A question of language is raised in the following letter:

Some years ago a claim was put forth that such a phrase as "Every one is the architect of his own fortune" is not good English, and the law was laid down that it is not proper to use "his" as a pronoun where the antecedent may be feminine, and that there is needed in English a pronoun that should express personality without gender.

I have written a paper to show that there is no such need, and that the phrase above given is good English.

Do you wish to look at it with a view of using it?

We thank the gentleman and respectfully answer that we do not need to examine his paper in order to be convinced that the phrase which he quotes is good English. Of course, it is a defect in our language not to possess an indefinite personal pronoun; but usage has established the principle in many languages that where the gender is not specifically or necessarily feminine, or where both masculine and feminine are implied, the masculine pronoun is employed indefinitely. An English philologist, some years ago, tried to secure the adoption of a possessive personal pronoun of the common gender, and he suggested the use of the dialectic word "uns." For example: "Everyone is the architect of uns own fortune." But no one took to this, just as no one has taken to Simplified Spelling; and we still go on using the masculine pronoun in an indefinite sense, where the antecedent is indefinite or epicene.

XI

Some one, writing us from Enid, Oklahoma, and addressing his letter to the Senior and Junior Editors collectively, confides to us the fact that he is a vegetarian and feels both anger and contempt for Benjamin Franklin. Apparently these two things have no connection with each other, but he goes on to explain that though Franklin early became a vegetarian, at one time when on a vessel off Block Island, being very hungry and observing the sailors frying some fresh cod, he gave up his vegetarianism. This is what Franklin says about it in his *Autobiography:*

I had formerly been extremely fond of fish, and when one of these cod had been taken out of the frying pan I thought its flavour de-

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licious. I hesitated for some time between principle and inclination, till at last, recollecting that when the cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, If you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a rational animal, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do.

Our correspondent concludes with the following words:

His closing statement is detestable. If one so desired, he could invent a pretext to commit the foulest of offences, and still, according to this example, be blameless. Knowing that yours is a magazine of Literature and Life, under both of which heads this subject comes, I have written this letter with the hope that it may be as interesting to your readers as it is to myself.

As to Benjamin Franklin, we always had a poor opinion of him and of what a famous Englishman called his "scoundrel maxims."

XII

The following inquiry comes from Oakland, California:

DEAR LETTER BOX:

In cataloguing my library I have found three or four books of whose authors' real names I am uncertain. I am, therefore, writing to you to ascertain who it is that hides behind each of the following:

Anthony Hope.
Onoto Watanna.
Aquila Kempster.
John Phœnix.

Anthony Hope is, as almost every one knows, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who was a barrister in London until he definitely gave up practice in 1894, when his *Prisoner of Zenda* won so great a success as to show him that fiction-writing was his true vocation. Onoto Watanna was Miss Winifrid Eaton, a lady of partly Japanese and partly English or American extraction. In 1901 she married Mr. B. W. Babcock. We do not know anything about Aquila Kempster. John Phœnix was the pseudonym adopted by Lieut. George H. Derby, U. S. A., who did not wish to use his own name in connection with the humorous writings which he produced in the late fifties. Apart from these *jeux d'esprit,* he was a man of serious purpose. He saw hard service in the Mexican War and was an accomplished military engineer. He died in New York in the year 1861. His writings were collected in a new edition published in this city by the Messrs. Appleton in 1903, with an introduction written by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.

XIII

A post-card from Cañon City, Colorado, conveys an invitation in a very gracious and graceful manner. The message reads:

Are you tired of your moated grange? Some day put a welcome to the test.

We have entered Cañon City upon our itinerary. The place means to us a great deal.

XIV

Speaking of itineraries, however, why has Mr. Soap O'Loughlin been stricken with such reticence? We have been waiting anxiously for a road-map which will show us how to reach him, "down Mushtong way." Was his invitation insincere?

XV

We have received a number of letters relating to the movement for woman suffrage. They contain a good many questions which we do not feel called upon to answer at the present time. We shall merely mention a neat little distinction which has been made at Newport between a suffragist and a suffragette. The distinction is very strongly insisted upon in Rhode Island, and it seems to us to be adequate and satisfactory. According to it, a suffragist is a lady who goes up and takes luncheon with Mrs. Belmont at the Marble House. A suffragette is a woman who dashes into the street and bites an innocent policeman.

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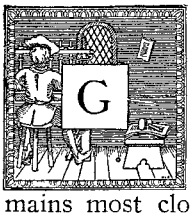
THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES

I—The Publishing House of France

To have published the Waverley Novels, or "Vanity Fair," or the works of Charles Dickens, or "The Comédie Humaine" of Honoré de Balzac, or Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," is a distinction which the world at large has only half appreciated. While the first and great debt that posterity owes is to the geniuses who conceived and wrote those masterpieces, there is a secondary debt owed to the men whose courage and judgment led them to present those masterpieces to the world in material form. In the moulding of the literary history of England and France, and of this country as well, the great publishing houses have had no inconsiderable share. A house like Blackwood's, for example, is far more than a business enterprise. It is an institution. At every turn in the life of Sir Walter Scott you feel the influence of his publishers. Who is there who has genuinely read "Vanity Fair" who has not an interest in Bradbury and Evans, who foresaw its greatness, and brought it out on a magnificent scale when Thackeray was regarded merely as a literary hack. How closely Thackeray's later work was associated with George Smith, the founder of the "Cornhill Magazine." This, the first paper in the series, deals with the publishing houses of France. Papers in later issues will tell of the great publishing houses of England and of the United States.



OSSELIN and Renduel, Jules Hetzel, Marescq and possibly others published Victor Hugo's writings before his banishment; but the publisher whose name remains most closely linked with that of Hugo is Albert Lacroix, because it was he who published *Les Misérables*. How Lacroix became the publisher of Hugo has been recounted in detail by Francisque Sarcey's son-in-law, Adolphe Brisson: "It was in 1861. The young Belgian publisher, Albert Lacroix, had his eyes fixed upon the granite rock whence the exiled prophet delivered his oracles. He strained his ears to catch the breezes of the ocean. These breezes told him, one morning, that Victor Hugo had just finished a book, entitled *Les Misérables*. Lacroix, who had recently formed a partnership with his compatriot, Verboeckhoven, swore solemnly, '*Les Misérables* shall be mine.'

"He despatched to the author a lyric missive; he declared himself ready to accept his conditions whatever they might be; he subscribed to all his demands. 'Genius is not to be bargained with,' he added."

Negotiations were opened, in which Hugo's son Charles, who chanced to be at Brussels, acted as go-between. They advanced rapidly and were apparently coming to a head when the canny poet, who seems to have desired an opportunity to size up his man, invited Lacroix to visit him.

"Lacroix," to resume the narrative of M. Brisson, "made haste to pack his valise.

"'I shall not return without the contract in my pocket,' he said to Verboeckhoven.

"'But we haven't the money.'

"'We will find it.'

"'And if we don't find it?'

"'We should never attempt anything if we stopped to consider such trifles.' . . .

"The meeting, in the course of which Hugo showed himself alternately august and paternal, was not slow in becoming a simple business interview. Immediately after lunch, the poet set about dictating to the publisher a contract remarkable for precision and prudence. Lacroix was not a little troubled, as he wrote: he bound himself to disburse sums of which he did not possess the first sou.

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"Where should he find the 125,000 francs to be paid on the delivery of the manuscript? How should he arrange with the publishers, Renduel and Gosselin, who had contracts with the master giving them the right to exploit the first two volumes of *Les Misérables?* And, if the Emperor should prohibit the work in France, what would happen? To these last two objections, formulated aloud, Hugo was able to give clean-cut answers, thanks to his practical business sense; and the most redoubtable obstacles were thus smoothed away. It only remained for the contracting parties to place their signatures at the bottom of the document. As he was about to sign, Albert Lacroix was seized with a strange scruple. He discerned, upon a corner of the desk, an enormous pile of blackened sheets. It was the manuscript of the first two volumes of *Les Misérables*. He would have liked to touch them, to turn them over, to run his eye through them. Timidly, he confessed this desire.

" 'May I—examine—a little—the manuscript?'

"The hand of Hugo—his Burgrave hand—fell heavily upon the sheets, and in a tone which was not without hardness:

" 'No. It is impossible.'

"He added, by way of pleasantry (but the revolt of his irritated pride was discernible under the badinage):

" 'Suppose it is blank paper. I have put my name there. That suffices.'

"Albert Lacroix yearned to have the earth open and engulf him. He had offended his poet, his god. How expiate such a piece of tactlessness? He lifted toward him eyes charged with repentance. Then, seizing the contract, he affixed his signature beside that of Victor Hugo."

Lacroix, who was much less unsophisticated than Brisson's narrative implies, sent Hugo enthusiastic letters almost daily while the proofreading was in progress. "When Lacroix had a point to gain," says Gustave Simon, "he chanted first a hosanna, he glorified the man and his works; then, his commercial instinct awakening, he slipped, with charming timidity, a suggestion or a question in among a thousand asseverations of affection and respect."

The publication of *Les Misérables* was a world event. The book appeared the same day in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam, Varsovie, Buda-Pesth and Rio de Janeiro. The Paris edition was exhausted in two days. The presses were kept working night and day to supply the demand. The work was speedily pirated in Arabia, in Turkey and even in France. Lacroix sold 600,000 copies, which netted him a snug little million of francs, and he offered at Brussels a banquet to Victor Hugo, which was attended by the intellectual élite of all Europe and which was a veritable apotheosis. Half a dozen years later (as the Victor Hugo-Paul Meurice letters, just published, show) Hugo was at swords' points with Lacroix, who had wearied no doubt of burning incense, and their relations continued strained until 1870, when all business dealings between them practically ceased. Thus ended an association begun so auspiciously that it seemed as if nothing could ever cloud it.

Hugo's works, in consequence of the transfer and expiration of copyrights, are now exploited by numberless publishers. The firm of Jules Rouff et Cie. publishes a popular small-volume edition (several volumes to a work) at five sous a volume, of which it announced several years ago that 6,000,000 copies had been sold. But the edition, which may be considered definitive and which is, in a sense, official, is that of the imprimerie Nationale planned by the late Paul Meurice and now being published by Ollendorff.

Quite apart from this connection with Hugo, the house of Ollendorff is a notable one. It has published most of the literature associated with Montmartre, and its penchant, if it may be said to have a penchant, is for the sexually audacious.

Calmann-Levy—the Ticknor and Fields of France

The publishing house which has achieved the greatest distinction in the domain of pure literature, and whose imprint is consequently the most coveted, the publishing house which has been to

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France, for nearly three generations, very much what the house of Ticknor and Fields was to New England in the golden age of New England, was founded single-handed by a boy of fifteen.

In 1836, Michel Lévy, who was born at Phalsbourg in 1821, opened a reading-cabinet and theatrical book-store in the Rue Marie-Stuart. He soon took to publishing theatrical literature, and, in 1842, he moved to the Passage du Grand-Cerf. In 1845, he opened a branch Rue Vivienne and formed a partnership with his elder brothers, Calmann and Nathan, under the firm name of Michel Lévy frères. Michel Lévy fréres (Nathan retired at the end of four years) did publishing for About, Ampère, Augier, Balzac, Baudelaire, Chateaubriand, Cousin, Émile Deschanel, Dumas père, Dumas fils, Feuillet, Gautier, De Girardin, Gozlan, Guizot, Heine, Halévy and Meilhac, Hugo, Jules Janin, Alphonse Karr, Eugène Labiche, Lamartine, Mérimée, Michelet, Hégésippe Moreau, Mürger, Paul Meurice, Gérard de Nerval, Renan, Sainte Beuve, George Sand, Souvestre, Eugène Sue, Aurélien Scholl, Jules Sandeau, Scribe, Jules Simon, Stendhal, Thierry, De Tocqueville, Villemain, De Vigny, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam—for a great majority, in fact, of the eminent writers of the Second Republic, the Second Empire and the beginning of the Third Republic. Indeed, twenty years after its foundation this house had come to be characterised by so much authority and dignity that young and inexperienced authors "did not dare," to quote a writer of that period, "to approach with their manuscripts the Lévy shop for fear that at the sight of their extravagant heads of hair the very clerks would appear in the doorway brandishing brooms more formidable than the flaming sword of the archangel."

Michel Lévy died in 1875 at fifty-four years of age and Calmann Lévy in 1891 at seventy-nine. The business is now conducted under the firm name Calmann-Lévy, by Calmann-Lévy's heirs. The Calmann-Lévy company are the publishers of the world celebrities—Anatole France, Pierre Loti, René Bazin, Ferdinand Brunetière (earlier manner), Marcellin Berthelot, Victorien Sardou and Jules Lemaître, and of such Parisian celebrities as Tristan Bernard, René Boylesve, Guy Chantepleure, Pierre de Coulevain, Léon Frapié, Fernand Gregh, Gyp, Comte d'Haussonville, Myriam Harry, Gérard d'Houville, Henri Lavedan, Comtesse de Noailles, Gabrielle Réval, Ivan Strannik, Th. Bentzon, Marcelle Tinayre, Léon de Tinseau and Colette Yver; and of the authoritative periodical *La Revue de Paris*.

Paul Meurice, in a letter to Victor Hugo (1855), complained that his publisher, Michel Lévy, had refused to print the Dedication to Victor Hugo (then in exile) of his play *Paris*. It is true that Michel Lévy was far from hospitable to the audacious, the eccentric, the revolutionary; and in this respect the attitude of the house has not changed. During its three-quarters of a century of existence its policy, broadly speaking, has been conservative, not to say conventional. It has stood consistently from the beginning for sanity, for urbanity, and for restraint.

Charpentier—Publisher of Zola and the Realists

The house of Charpentier, on the other hand, seems to have been particularly drawn toward writers who were predestined to get into trouble. It will go down to history as the firm which made common cause with the pioneers of Realism.

In 1838, Gervais Charpentier (born in 1805) began to publish books in a *format* of his invention, which was given and has retained to this day the name of *format* Charpentier. Gervais Charpentier died in 1871, and it was more especially under Georges Charpentier, who succeeded him, that the house rendered its most sturdy services to the cause of Realism. Georges Charpentier was a constant and welcome visitor to the famous assemblies in the lodgings of Flaubert and the Goncourts and in the home of Zola; and nearly all the members of these groups and a majority of the realistic writers who now form the Goncourt Academy found their way on to the Charpentier list.

Charpentier was not the first of Zola's publishers, but it was Charpentier who

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published the first volume of the Rougon-Macquart series in 1872, and from that time on Zola seems never to have so much as considered making a change. In fact, the friendship of Zola and Georges Charpentier (as set forth in Volume II. of the Zola letters) constitutes one of the most beautiful and touching chapters in literary history. The Charpentier family and the Zola family went to the theatre and the art salons together. They travelled together, visited each other at their country-seats, and kept up a lively correspondence when circumstances separated them. The Zolas took a great interest in the Charpentier babies, and Zola became the godfather of one of them. Madame Charpentier, a brilliant woman of the world, supplied Zola with information regarding the usages of society (for his novels) and even secured for him his red ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

In August, 1889, Zola wrote to Charpentier from Médan, "In December we shall come back to Médan to kill the pig, and if your hearts say yes, you shall be with us."

The sorrows as well as the joys of the one family were those of the other. The Charpentiers stood by Zola throughout the storm and stress of the Dreyfus Affair. In August, 1902, a few weeks only before his tragic death, when he was completely worn out by his recent Dreyfusard campaign, and by his labours upon his tetralogy *Les Quatre Evangiles,* Zola wrote to Alfred Bruneau: "I expect the Charpentiers early next week, and it is during their sojourn here that I count on getting a little rest. They will surround me with hubbub and draw me out of the solitude in which we live. And I count on this noisy diversion to wash out my brain."

The Bibliothèque Charpentier is now under the direction of Eugène Fasquelle.

Alphonse Lemerre—Publisher of the Parnassiens

About the time our Civil War began, a young poet, Xavier de Ricard, was publishing in Paris a weekly periodical, *L'Art,* which was far from being a paying investment. His friend Catulle Mendès advised him to transform this weekly into a luxuriously printed annual containing nothing but poems to be called *Le Parnasse Contemporain.* De Ricard took Mendès's advice, but came near regretting it, for the first number of *Le Parnasse* was read only by the editors and the authors, not a single subscriber having been secured. At this juncture, a saviour appeared upon the scene in the person of a book-seller, Alphonse Lemerre. *"Le Parnasse Contemporain,"* says Mendès in his *Légende du Parnasse Contemporain* (1884), "would surely have disappeared very soon, for want of buyers, had not Alphonse Lemerre, young like us, audacious like us, offered himself, saying, 'Suffer the little poets to come unto me!' He took *Le Parnasse* in hand, developed it, paid what was due the printer, paid what was due the contributors and made of it an institution to which we owe many railleries and insults, but to which we owe also the good-will of the public, and to which he himself owes the unique distinction of having made a fortune by printing the odes and sonnets of obscure poets."

For a number of years the Parnassiens were practically a social-literary club, of which Alphonse Lemerre was, so to speak, the steward. Nearly every day this company of bards gathered in the Lemerre shop to discuss their plans, exchange their hopes and recite their verses. Anatole France, who was for some time a manuscript reader and hack of the House of Lemerre, participated in these gatherings and doubtless recited there his "Poèmes Dorés" and his "Noces Corinthiennes."

At a banquet offered him January 24, 1902, in honour of his promotion to the grade of *Officier* of the Legion of Honour, M. Lemerre recalled the fantastic doings of this joyous band whom their enemies had dubbed, in derision, "Les Impassibles": "It was in 1869 we were preparing the second *Parnasse,* which appeared at the moment of the war. In the little *entresol* were Leconte de Lisle, Sully Prudhomme, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, André Theuriet, Deschamps, De Banville, Heredia, André Lemoyne, Jean Lahor, Léon Dierx, Armand Silvestre, Lafenestre,

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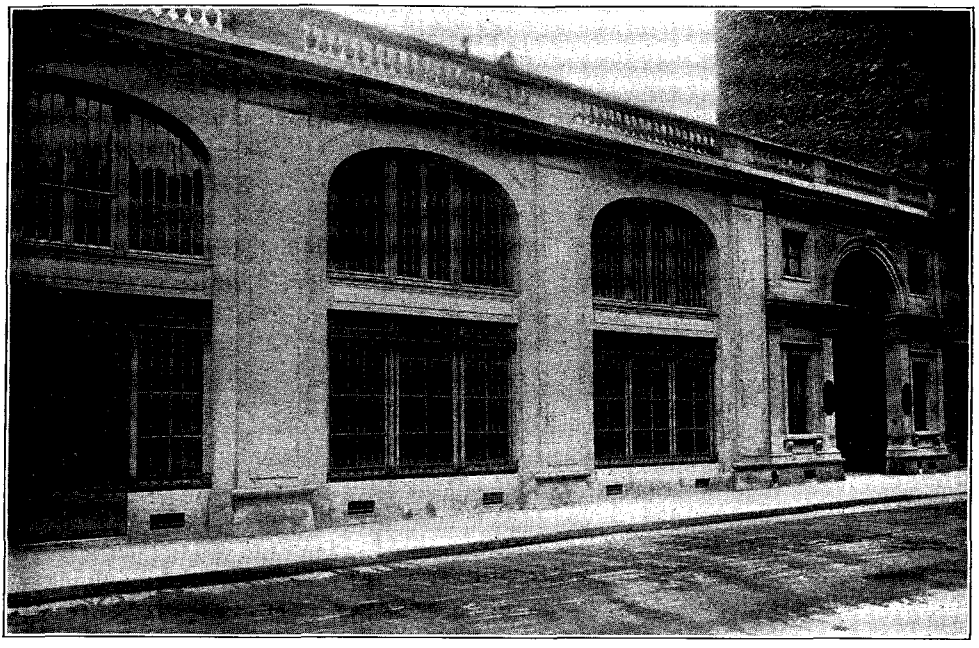

THE HOUSE OF PASQUELLE, 11 RUE DE GRENELLE

THE HOUSE OF HACHETTE IN THE BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN. THIS PUBLISHING FIRM REGARDS INSTRUCTION AS ITS PECULIAR MISSION. IT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES TO REALISE THE POSSIBILITIES OF RAILWAY SALES AND TO MAKE A FEATURE OF ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS. ÉMILE ZOLA, AS A YOUNG MAN, WAS EMPLOYED IN THE HACHETTE OFFICES

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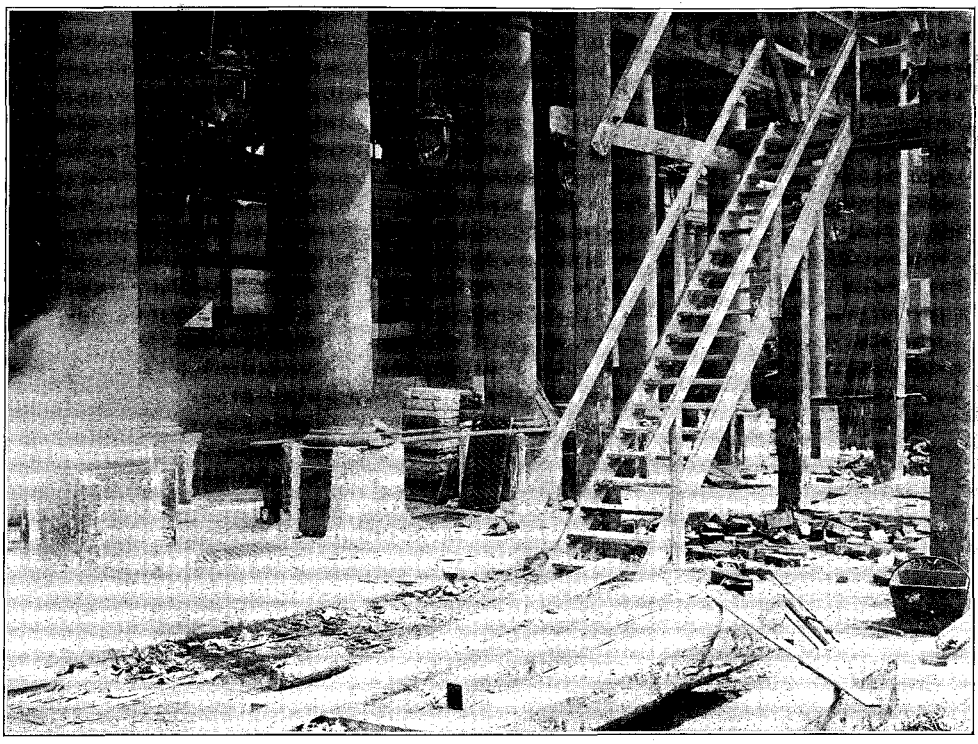

THE HOUSE OF P. V. STOCK IN THE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS BUILDING JUST AFTER THE FIRE IN MARCH, 1900. M. STOCK IS KNOWN AS THE PUBLISHER OF THE "REDS." HIS "ANARCHIST LIBRARY" IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDENTS OF ADVANCED POLITICAL THOUGHT. HE WAS THE DREYFUSSARD PUBLISHER DURING THE FAMOUS "AFFAIRE"

Mérat, Valade, De Ricard, Glatigny and a host of younger men now forgotten.

"The room was so crowded that a young poet was seated on each step of the staircase listening to the reading of the manuscripts, and emitting his vote with rage when the verses were bad and with frenzied plaudits when they were good.

"And it was the good old time, the time when, in my shop, Verlaine and De Ricard bellowed *'Vive* Baudelaire' and *'A bas* Ponsard'; *'Vive* Corot' and *'A bas les poncifs'; 'Vive* Gambetta' and *'A bas les prêtres';* making such a din that the aged customers who had come to buy an *Imitation de Jésus Christ* or an *Introduction à la Vie Dévote* took to their heels, with great signs of the cross: the time when the Academicians of to-day played Gavroche, when we parodied everything, even our friends, when we composed distichs and complaints—among others that of Berezowski, which Verlaine sang to the air of Fualdès—when Cros composed his monologues which Coquelin cadet recited to us evenings, after the performance of the Théâtre Français; there were also fables and quatrains more or less cutting or daring, but always witty."

Alphonse Lemerre, who is by no means so old as one might suppose from the amount of literary history he has made, has added many authors to his list since the glory of *Parnasse* began to wane, and conducts in this year 1909 (with the assistance of his son Désiré and his grandson Alphonse) one of the most thriving businesses in Paris—while, in this same year 1909, such is the irony of fate, poor Xavier de Ricard, the founder of *Le Parnasse,* is obliged to pawn Waterloo flags inherited from his grandfather in order to buy bread.

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THE PRESENT HOUSE OF P. V. STOCK IN THE RUE ST. HONORÉ

Louis Hachette—Teacher—Publisher

Among the young men whom the closing of the École Normale by the Government of the Restoration in 1822 prevented from becoming professors, was one Louis Hachette, a native of the Ardennes. Hachette, firmly resolved to pursue the career of a teacher, in spite of this mishap and of the refusal of the authorities to allow him to open a private school, bought the little book-business of Brédif in the dingy Rue Pierre-Sarrazin; and, taking for his motto, *"Sic Quoque Docebo,"* set about publishing, with the help of several of his companions in disgrace, improved editions of the Greek and Latin classics. After the Revolution of 1830, he helped Guizot to organise primary instruction and prepared for him the text-books the new schools required. He followed up these primary books with text-books for scholars of all ages and with all sorts of works of reference—among the latter the great dictionary of Émile Littré, which was pronounced by Sainte Beuve "incomparably superior, from a certain point of view, to the Dictionary of the French Academy."

It was nearly thirty years from the time Louis Hachette became a publisher that he undertook general publishing; and, even in this larger field, he never intentionally issued a book the main purpose of which was not to instruct. In other words, he was the great populariser of his time. He died in 1864 at sixty-four years of age, but his sons and his sons-in-law succeeded to his business, and, three years later, the annual sales amounted to 9,000,000 francs—a very pretty figure for the period.

The house of Hachette et Cie. has never ceased to consider instruction its peculiar mission. For this reason, its list is relatively poor in poetry and fiction; but it is exceptionally rich in works of reference, in general history, in literary history and in literary criticism. It was one of the first houses to realise the possibilities of railroad sales and to make a feature of illustrated editions—it may almost be said to have been the discov-

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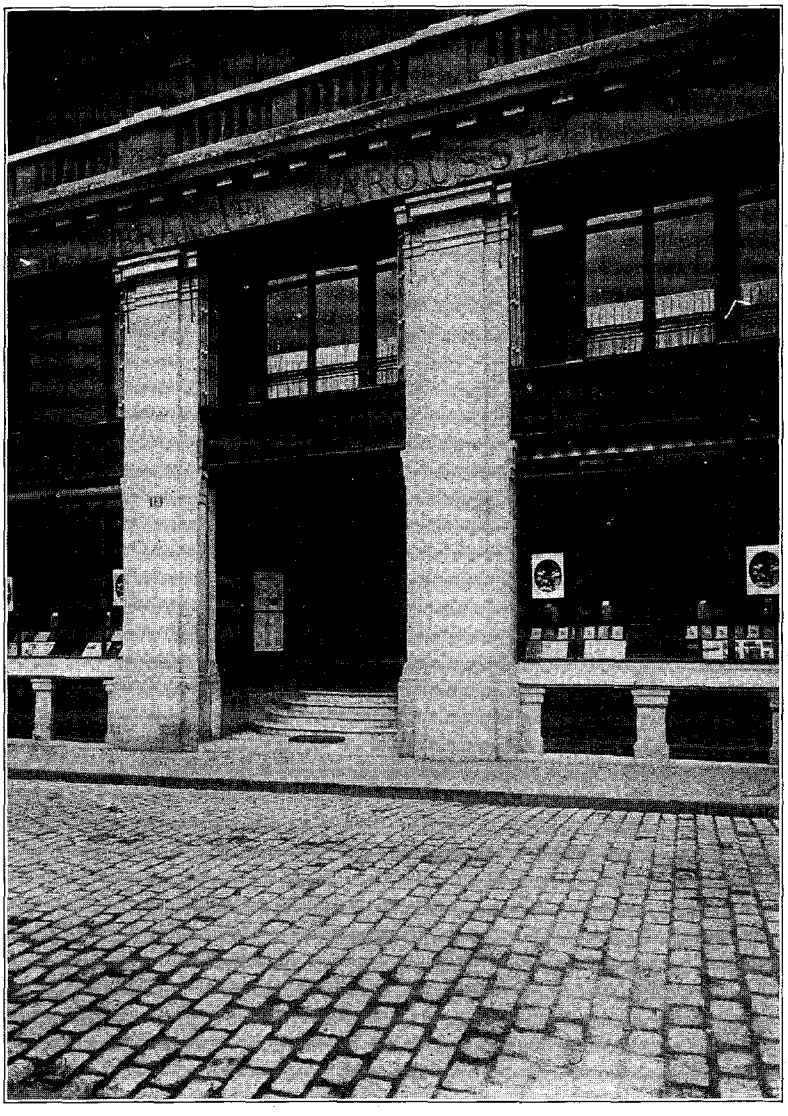
erer of Gustave Doré—and of illustrated periodicals. The fingers of both hands would not suffice to count the magazines it publishes; in fact, in this special field, it out-Munseyed Munsey long before Munsey's time.

It may be remarked incidentally that Émile Zola was employed in the Hachette offices several years (during the period when the bread-and-butter problem was a very serious one for him). The great realist regarded his departure as an escape from prison—which is not surprising in view of the antagonism between his own literary ideals and those of his employers; nevertheless he acquired by this hard servitude a knowledge of the commercial side of literature which enabled him afterward not only to hold his own in his dealings with publishers, but to aid them most effectively in marketing his works.



THE HOUSE OF LAROUSSE IN THE RUE DE MONTPARNASSE. EXTERIOR VIEW

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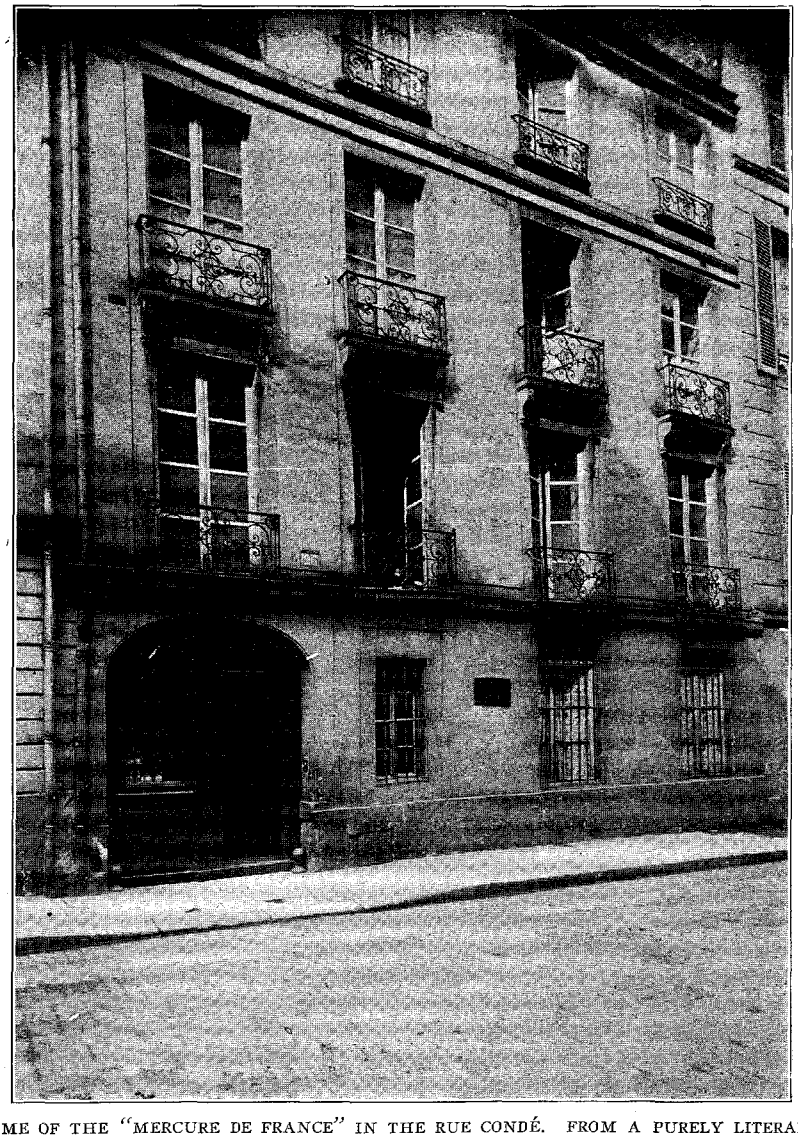
Pierre Larousse—Publisher of Encyclopaedias

Another teacher-publisher, who ably seconded the educational reforms inaugurated by Guizot, and, later, by Victor Duruy, was Pierre Larousse, one of the ruggedest and most picturesque characters of the middle of the last century.

Pierre Larousse was the son of a plough-maker of Toucy (Yonne), who was allowed by his parents just about what we call a high-school education, because he had obtained a scholarship. At twenty, he was put in charge of the Toucy grammar school which Guizot had just founded. Perceiving quickly the artificiality of the teaching methods and of the text-books then in use, he determined to prepare a complete series of rational books for the grammar grades. To this end, he resigned his position at the end of three years and went to



THE HOME OF THE "MERCURE DE FRANCE" IN THE RUE CONDÉ. FROM A PURELY LITERARY POINT OF VIEW THIS IS THE BOLDEST OF FRENCH PUBLISHING HOUSES. IT IS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF SYMBOLISM

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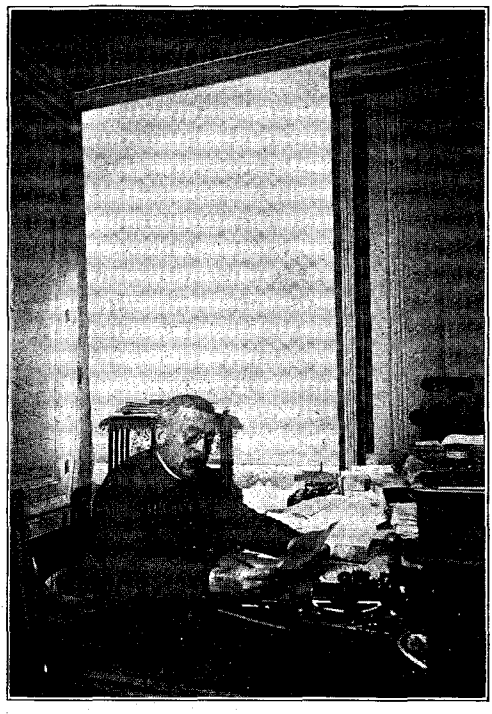

M. ALFRED VALLETTE, DIRECTOR OF THE "MERCURE DE FRANCE," IN HIS OFFICE

Paris, with the little money he had been able to save, in order to complete his education. Every month his good mother sent him an enormous pot of melted butter by the boatmen of the Seine; and, thanks to this highly concentrated nourishment, which he supplemented with bread and onions, his scanty savings lasted him eight years. Then he taught for three years in a private school, devoting his spare time to writing his text-books and to gathering material for an encyclopædic dictionary of which he had conceived the plan. Of Pierre Larousse at this grubbing period of his career, Edmond About said in 1883: "He was a short, stocky man with a tawny beard, and flashing eyes; a silent 'digger,' preoccupied, strongly suspected of harbouring subversive ideas. He had at least one idea, subversive or not, and he developed this idea without other resources than an iron will. This tutor dreamed of publishing a dictionary such as had never been seen."

In 1852, Pierre Larousse began publishing his text-books. Thirteen years later, he had made a fortune and was issuing the first instalment of his *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*. In order to avoid the bother of the elaborate system of bookkeeping which would otherwise have been necessary, he paid his authors himself on the spot. "When we handed him our copy," says one of these authors, "we handed him with it a statement of the number of lines it made. So many lines at so much, total so much. He glanced at the total, plunged his hand into his right trousers' pocket, pulled out bills, silver and gold pell-mell, and paid. No receipt. He was a simplifier."

In 1867, two years after the *Grand Dictionnaire* began to appear, Pierre Larousse said: "By working fifteen or sixteen hours a day, I shall be able, I do not say to publish, but to complete the manuscript of my work; and then I will rest or, if it shall be necessary to die in harness, I will die, but the Dictionary will be assured." The following year, perceiving the first symptoms of paralysis, he increased instead of relaxed his indus-

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try. Under the strain caused by this overwork and by a fire which threatened his manuscript in 1869, by the death of his mother and by the events of 1870 and 1871, he broke down completely the latter year; but by that time the entire work (equivalent to 400 octavo volumes of 500 pages each) was ready for the press. In inscribing the frontispiece of his first volume with the words: "This is flesh of my flesh," Pierre Larousse had made no idle boast. He lingered on till 1875, but from the moment he had revised the last line of his great work he was practically dead to the world.

The house of Larousse (now Hollier-Larousse et Cie.) has published several supplements to the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel,* and has latterly kept this and its other works of reference up to date by a monthly periodical.

P. V. Stock—Publisher of the Reds

It is a curious fact that the most revolutionary of the publishing houses of France (most revolutionary that is from a political and sociological point of view) should be, not the youngest, but one of the oldest. The firm of P. V. Stock (successor of Tresse & Stock, successor of Nicolas Tresse, successor of Christophe Tresse, successor of J. N. Barba, successor of Duchesne and Dabo) can trace its lineage back for two hundred years—during all of which time the shop has been in the Palais-Royal quarter and during one hundred and eighteen years of which (1782-1900) it has been in the very same building as the Comédie Française.

Jean-Nicolas Barba, who took hold of the business in 1790—not to go farther back—was a striking personality who exerted considerable influence upon the literary movement of his time, as a glance at his catalogues makes evident. He published works of all sorts, but he displayed a predilection for theatrical literature by reason no doubt of the fact that he had begun life as an actor. In 1839, the Government having withdrawn his patent because he had published a work which it deemed subversive, he arranged to have one-half of his business managed for him (this half ultimately came under the control of Rouffe et Cie.), and he sold the other half (the theatric half) to his clerk Christophe Tresse.

For forty years or more, the latter business was conducted by various Tresses, who limited themselves strictly to theatrical publishing; but, since the entrance into the house in 1877 of P. V. Stock (a relative of the Tresses and the present owner), all sorts of works have been published, as in Barba's time. M. Stock, whose sole prejudice seems to be a distrust of the conventional, showed himself fairly hospitable to the literary isms of the eighties and nineties, and opened his doors wide to the authors of the Théâtre Libre and to all kinds of social reformers (more particularly the revolutionary socialists and the anarchists) engaged in the written propaganda. His red-covered Anarchist Library—containing nine volumes of Jean Grave, five volumes of Charles Malato, four volumes of Bakounine, five volumes of Kropotkine and works by Louise Michel, Doméla Nieuwenhuis, Sébastien Faure, Stirner, Merlino, Elisée Reclus, etc.—is known the world over to students of advanced political thought. The House of Stock, by virtue of these revolutionary affiliations, was foreordained, as it were, to play an important rôle in the Dreyfus Affair. M. Stock was the Dreyfusard publisher *par excellence.* He published all the documents of the successive trials, and the expositions and appeals of Georges Clemenceau, Joseph Reinach, Bernard Lazare, Ludovic Trarieux, Yves Guyot, F. de Pressensé, Urbain Gohier, Sévérine, G. Réville, Paschal Grousset, Duclaux, Psichari, Leblois, Paul Brulat, Havet, Ibels, etc. During the active phase of the Affair, from 1897 to 1899, the Stock shop, then under the Théâtre Français, presented a memorable spectacle. It was the favourite meeting place of the leading Dreyfusard spirits, and for many it was at that moment the intellectual centre of Paris.

The Mercure de France and "Les Jeunes"

The most novel and, from a purely literary (as distinguished from a political or sociological) point of view, the bold-

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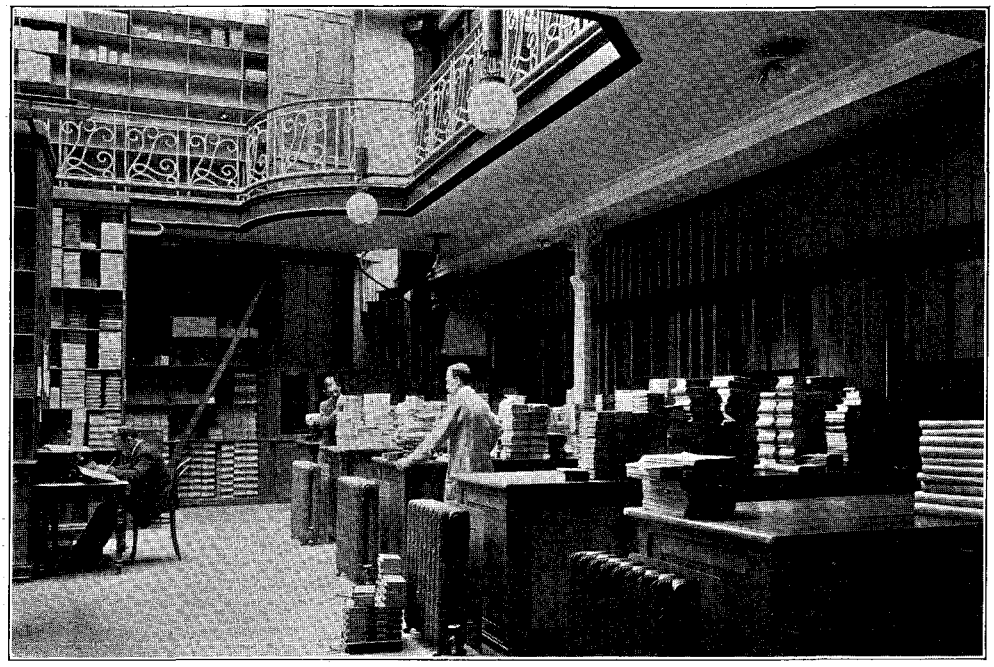

AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF LAROUSSE (NOW HOLLIER, LAROUSSE ET COMPAGNIE), WHICH HAS MADE A SPECIALTY OF ENCYCLOPAEDIAS

est of existing French publishing houses is the Mercure de France. The Mercure de France is a fortnightly review that publishes books, not, as is commonly the case in France, a book concern that publishes a review. The first number of this review appeared in January, 1890, under the editorship of Alfred Valette, the husband of Rachilde. It was founded by a co-operative society of young litterateurs (mostly symbolists or advocates of the then new formless-poetry known as *le vers libre*) who felt the need of an outlet for their productions and of an organ for the propagation of their ideas. During the first four years of its existence, the Mercure de France reprinted a few of its contributions in limited editions, but it did not do a book-publishing business, properly speaking. In 1894, the co-operative society was transformed into a stock company with a capital of 75,000* francs, but without ceasing to be co-operative in principle, since practically all the stock was taken by literary workers; and as soon as this transformation was effected, it devoted itself seriously to the publication of books.

*Since increased to 120,000 francs and 200,000 francs successively.

The Mercure de France bears the same relation to symbolism and to the movements that have sprung from or been intimately associated with Symbolism that the publishing house of Charpentier bore to Realism and the publishing house of Lemerre to the Parnassian movement. It has grouped together practically all the daring writers, and has crystallised practically all the innovating literary activities of a generation.

It is too early yet, perhaps, to attempt to determine the place in literature of most of the writers whose works have been printed by the Mercure de France; but the works of a number of them, though little known in the Anglo-Saxon countries, have made and are making a strong appeal to the élite, not only of France but of all the Latin countries.

Furthermore, the Mercure de France is doing more than any other single agency, probably, to familiarise, by publishing careful translations, French readers with the best products of contemporary foreign literature.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

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EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Wilbur L. Cross's "Laurence Sterne"*

This biography will disappoint only those who prefer entertainment to knowledge. Many men who essay a similar task split on the rock of subjectivity; instead of producing a Life of their hero, they write an autobiography. Now the real test of work like this is, of course, the last impression left on the reader's mind. Are we under the spell of the writer's phrases, or do we steadfastly contemplate the object in the new light supplied? Professor Cross redeems every promise made in his preface, a rare and refreshing thing. Throughout the book the first name on the title-page overshadows the second. Seldom can one find a biography less subjective. In the obscurity of the back gallery the light is manipulated, while we regard only the figure on the stage. As we close the volume, we are thinking of Laurence Sterne —of his unique personality, and the strangeness of his career. Not until later do we recognise the patient research, the great range of knowledge, the human sympathy, that were prerequisite to the production of so vivid a portrait. This biography has all the marks of finality. One feels that it will remain standard and indispensable. It has already supplanted all previous Lives of Sterne, and all future estimates must reckon with this book. It was years a-making, and it will take many years to make it obsolete.

It is solid, but not heavy;† serious, but not dull. One may wish for a little more vivacity, a little more sparkle, in an account of a man compounded of such qualities. But the prime object of Mr. Cross, from first page to last, was to tell the simple truth. It is not often that one reads a historical work where the desire to tell the truth and the ability to do so are so happily married. Sterne was a liar, and, like most liars, begat lies; so that a mass of falsehood, the accumulation of years, had to be swept away. There is a legendary Sterne, who is useful to romancers, to preachers, to public speakers; nothing better with which to point a moral or adorn a tale. But just as Keats was not in the least like Johnny Keats, so the real Sterne was totally unlike the personage in literary history who commonly masquerades under his name. When Carlyle undertook the biography of Cromwell, he remarked that nearly all those who had attempted to give an account of him asked themselves at the outset this question: Why did he wear that mask? But suppose, said Carlyle, that the mask should turn out to be no mask at all, but simply the man's true face? Such indeed proved to be the fact, and for the first time, Cromwell's life and character became clear. Now Oliver Cromwell and Laurence Sterne are so unlike that the juxtaposition of their names almost forces a smile; yet they have both suffered by a misapprehension of their actual personality. Thousands of readers have gone on the assumption that Sterne was a hypocrite, and have attempted to explain his sermons and his salaciousness under that hypothesis; but Mr. Cross shows clearly that whatever he was, he was never a hypocrite. Few men have had less of that particular vice than he. Had he been a hypocrite he would never have spoken, or written, or acted as he did. A hypocrite is primarily concerned with his own welfare, for hypocrisy is a form of selfishness. But Sterne always preferred humour to advancement. He would have his jest, even if others had his estate. As Mr. Cross says, "Sterne is, I dare say, the most complete example in modern literature of a man whose other faculties are overpowered by a sense of humour. He feels, he imagines, and he at once perceives the incongruities of things as ordered by man or by nature; but he does not think, nor has he any appreciation of moral values. What to others seems serious or sacred is to him only an occasion for a sally of wit."

*Laurence Sterne. By Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The Macmillan Company.

†Except materially; if American publishers would only imitate the English, and give us light books!

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The skill displayed in the analysis of Sterne's character seems all the more remarkable when we consider the enormous difference between the personality of the great humourist and the personality of his present biographer. Mr. Cross shows on almost every page the virtues of honesty, patience, scholarship, method, and a tenacity in sticking to his subject quite worthy of a bulldog; it is needless to state that not a single one of these virtues is in any way characteristic of Sterne. It would appear at first thought that a man so unlike his protagonist could hardly give a faithful representation of him; but the immense distance between them is bridged by a splendid grasp of the facts and an imaginative sympathy that calls for extreme praise. Mr. Cross's style is so completely objective, he is so bent on giving an exact account of what really happened, and he is so utterly indifferent to applause for his own cleverness, that there are few phrases that remain in the reader's memory. We feel that we have learned a great deal about the external and spiritual side of Sterne's life; a great deal about his contemporaries, and the men and women with whom he associated; a great deal about the social life of the eighteenth century, as it appeared in London, York, Paris, and the south of France; but the road over which we have travelled is a macadamised highway, rather than a charming, wandering by-path where we constantly stop to gather flowers or to enjoy a lovely vista. Still, although there is very little writing for its own sake in this volume, there is much shrewd knowledge of humanity, and an occasional remark well worth quotation. For example: "Nothing else lets us into the charm of Sterne's personality quite so well as the ease with which he attached himself to young men, who choose their companions by a subtle instinct, which they never stop to explain, and could not explain if they tried." There speaks the college man and the college teacher out of a whole world of experience and observation. And the dramatic side of the *Sentimental Journey* has never been better set forth than in this admirable characterisation: "The narrative—if it be narrative—moves through a series of dramatic portraits, which, like the emotions underlying them, rise bright out of one another, and, after glowing for a moment, fade away with consummate art." The ability of Mr. Cross to write sentences like the above makes us wish that he would do it oftener, and thus make his biography a literary as well as a scholarly masterpiece.

It is natural, perhaps, after living so many months with Sterne's manuscripts, and then writing a five-hundred page book about him, that Mr. Cross should rate Sterne rather high, both as a writer and as a man. With a guarded "perhaps," the preface of this volume places him with Rabelais and Cervantes. His position in such company is certainly not yet assured, whatever the future may decide. Rabelais and Cervantes have shaken the whole world; and the course of literature in all modern languages would have been a different thing had these two giants never lived. We cannot possibly say anything like that of Sterne. Although his personality was unique and therefore original, his work was largely borrowed; and he was as much a production of the sentimental epoch in which he lived as he was the cause of it. As a man of letters, he is not for an instant to be compared with Swift; nor do I believe that he had anything like so much genius as the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, whose vast work he found so good a quarry. I would not myself trade either the first or the third section of Burton's wonderful book for the complete writings of Laurence Sterne. And yet Mr. Cross convinces us, if it be necessary, that Sterne stands salient on the sky-line of history. Nor should we forget the praise he received from Goethe, from whom the lightest word of appreciation is precious. On the sixteenth of December, 1828, Goethe remarked to the faithful Eckermann, "Ich bin Shakespeare, Sterne und Goldsmith unendliches schuldig geworden."

As to Sterne's character, probably no two of his own friends could ever have agreed about it, or could have formulated an account of it to which the other would have subscribed. Mr. Cross is undoubtedly right when he covers the man's whole personality and character under the broad cloak of the word Humour.

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Sterne was the licensed Jester of his day; he chose to wear the cap and bells; and it is as difficult to hold him morally responsible for what he said and did as it would have been to try a King's Fool by a court-martial. Still, in reading this book, one feels that Mr. Cross is so intensely interested in Sterne and so complete an admirer of his literary work, that he has come rather near forgetting the grave vices of the man. To be sure, Mr. Cross insists that he enters no defence of Sterne's conduct—he merely explains it; the very worst thing he says about him follows: "And were it not for Sterne's humour, the man and his books would have become long since intolerable." But this sentence almost slips out in spite of himself. Mr. Cross has adopted the method of assuming that every reader of his book knows his Thackeray, and knows also the most discreditable features of Sterne's career. These are therefore often passed over with a reference or an allusion; whereas the finer side of Sterne stands out in full relief. Notwithstanding the candour and honesty shown by Mr. Cross it is certainly true that one who had read only this biography, and had not read Sterne's Letters, would hardly have an idea of the actual baseness to which Sterne occasionally descended, and of which he was always capable. Indeed, some pages read almost like an Apology for the great writer. The best and noblest trait in his character—which comes out brightly in this biography, though Mr. Cross lets it speak for itself—is Sterne's magnificent courage in fighting his dreadful disease. No physician, out of the army of Galens who prescribed to him, ever diagnosed his case with the skill and calmness shown by Sterne himself. After a succession of violent hemorrhages, Sterne would gaily remark that although his chances seemed desperate, he believed them to be pretty good—and behold in a few days he was as well as such a man could ever be. And when the last illness came, he knew it was the last, and for the first time said so; with the calm resignation befitting such a statement. I doubt if the annals of literature can show a single instance where a man has not only steadily belittled his own diseases, even when they assumed terrifying forms, but has laughed merrily at them and defied them to put him down. Speaking of one of his countless hemorrhages, he said gaily, "I bled the bed full"; and on another occasion he laughingly remarked that he had outwitted death so many times, that he finally expected to take his farewell of earth by translation. Compare this attitude toward his sufferings with Young's constant and tiresome predictions of his own speedy death, which all his friends awaited in vain; or with Carlyle's behaviour under the darts of dyspepsia. The fact is that as Sterne fought his earthly enemies with just one weapon—Humour—so he invariably repelled the awful advances of Death with the same trusty blade. But, while it is a rare and noble quality, this hilarious courage on the very brink of the abyss, and while it is assuredly Sterne's best claim to anything like moral splendour, it should not be forgotten that the man was often contemptible. We pardon him the more easily because of his wonderful zest for life, which he had in common with Pepys and other children of this world. But the attempt to make him admirable is simply a hopeless task. In the last analysis, he was a bad son, a bad husband, a sensualist, a plagiarist, and a liar.

There are a few typographical errors, though the general mechanical appearance of the work is excellent. Toward the foot of page 70, two whole lines are transposed. On page 76, "ald" must be wrong. On page 326, the letters of a word are transposed. The last line of page 422 contains what is probably a typographical error, and the same may be said of the middle of page 338. The dates on page 255 will not square, and if it be Sterne's fault, a "sic" should accompany the figure. This seems also to be true of the French word on page 398. And as a query for page 276: ought not *faillantes* to read *saillantes?*

The Appendix has a valuable English bibliography, but it would gain by the addition of a list of translations of Sterne, which would give the reader a panoramic view of his Continental influence, both in range and duration. Mr. Cross's extreme modesty has forced him to give merely the slightest word about

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his own edition of Sterne's writings, and the allusion may easily escape notice. Let it be said therefore that in 1904, Mr. Cross edited what is by far the most accurate and the most complete edition of Sterne's works, as in 1909 he has produced what is by far the best account of Sterne's life.

William Lyon Phelps.

II

Noyes's "Drake: An English Epic"*

The promise of English poetry centres to-day in Alfred Noyes. He has been its best hope already for some years; and now he has raised himself above the embroiderers of momentary prettinesses, above those journeymen of poetry whose fulfilment may not overpass a minor rank. He is proved a poet, no less: to be measured against the giants, and judged by ultimate standards. He has written an epic poem of seven thousand lines which one reads eagerly, reluctant to lay it down; and which (in so far as contemporary perspective can decide) becomes a classic from its publication. He has made literary history; and he has done it in making a failure.

For the poem fails not in one way nor in one place, but in many. Yet it fails only at the height of its own argument: it fails as against the *Æneid* or *Paradise Lost*, and fails beyond question lamentably. In degree of achievement, it bears no comparison with these monuments; but there is nothing else whereto it may be compared in kind. This is not merely because Mr. Noyes calls his work *An English Epic:* it is because the poem cannot be denied that title to find praise under some humbler category. For better or for worse it is an attempted epic: in its theme, in the scope and scale of it, in style and character and purpose. After calling it an epic failure one cannot add smilingly "of course"; nor prop it upon any lesser pedestal, though a minor poet's whole fruition might be gathered up among the fragments of its fall. If Mr. Noyes had written it as all epics have been written, midway along the pathway of this life, instead of at the Wicket-Gate, if he had taken ten years instead of two or three to the writing, no one may be sure that he would have failed at all.

God willed that England should defend the world from the power of Spain; therefore He gave her through Francis Drake the empire of the sea, a victory that should bring forth peace. There is the theme. Mr. Noyes will tell the story from no lowlier point of view: he goes down with these colours flying; and the passionate sincerity of his belief therein is unquestionable. He never allows you to forget that this idea is moving behind his events. Now, the history of the period will indeed bear this pattern; and there appears no reason why the historical varieties might not have been so woven as to bring it out in a firm and relative texture of narration. An ordinary person cannot say offhand how this might be done; but a genius pondering through full time for the planning of a masterpiece must have compassed it. We should have seen the net of Spain closing relentlessly around the world, Elizabeth darting hither and yon in quest of outlet, the grim English courage smouldering into defiance, and the forging of Drake into a weapon that should first sever occasional meshes and at last rend the whole snare asunder. The narrative raw material here is far more tractable than (for example) that of the *Odyssey*. The final composition is far less firm: the poem has practically no structure at all. It begins with the secret despatch of Drake to the Spanish Main; it ends, of course, with the destruction of the Armada. The intervening episodes, instead of being wrought into expressive relevancy, are only strung along a loose thread of chronology. The opposition of Burleigh, incarnate in the traitor Doughty, drops away forgotten; the fragmentary idyll of Drake's love and elopement, foreign to the story alike in tone and substance, is scattered in for sheer joy in it. The characters are abstract and vague—even Drake springs full-armed into the tale, and is left at the last impersonal, whereas the best characterisations are of episodic minor persons like Admiral Borough and the father of

*Drake: An English Epic. Books I-XII. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The F. A. Stokes Company.

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Bess. The central thought inheres less in the action itself than in continual fervid soliloquies by the poet; and the whole work is spangled with beautiful songs thrown in, for the most part, with hardly a pretence of pertinency. One sees with easy sympathy what parts the poet meant these things to bear in his pattern; but he has not taken time to work them in; so that he must step forward in person to cry: "Here is the relevancy. The purpose is thus and so. Join the lines here and there." And against this the heroic episodes, the gorgeous opulence of description, the visions of raging souls and seas, the surging beauty of the songs, are in vain. Though the stones be jasper and onyx and chalcedony, yet if the arch is awry they shall not stand one upon another.

This incoherence of structure is in detail aggravated by unevenness of style. Nowise imitated from Tennyson, the peculiar flowing cadence of long, loose sentences is derived from him by legitimate inheritance. The virtue of this style is in its capacity for verbal adornment and in its easy adaptability to the organism of blank verse: its defect is simply the rhetorical defect of the loose sentence—the tendency to discursiveness and turgidity. Action is continually rippling off over deltas of description; and in many a time of need, the narrative can hardly move under its panoply of plangent phrase. But the stylistic fault is still deeper and more destructive than this. Stevenson complained for years that he could not write a novel because he could not hold one key of style—one scale of verbal values—through hundreds of pages. This same disability has prevented Mr. Noyes from writing an epic; and he is too good a craftsman already to be unconscious of the trouble. Despite the splendid style of many passages, the *Drake* as a whole has no style at all. It breaks from the epic manner to the idyllic in the love story and in many descriptions; twice or thrice it drops into social satire; under the strain of high passion it sometimes rises into a scream; and where inspiration falters it simply withers away into prosiness. Of course it is beyond humanity not to nod occasionally over so long a task; nor am I saying that a style should not ebb and flow under the rise and fall of emotion. But it should still maintain the same verbal tonality, the same normal horizon of expression; and upon a wholly different scale, the *Drake* is as uneven as *Endymion*.

The style and versification of a poem are of necessity so intimately fused into a medium as to become almost two phases of the same thing. And the verse of the *Drake* naturally shows like success and failure with the style. Similarly, albeit full of minor beauties, it is inadequate in the large to carry the poem. Since the death of Swinburne probably no Englishman understands so well the crafts and devices of Prosody as Alfred Noyes; but he has not yet mastered that ultimate metrical art, the organism of blank verse. The simple test of a blank verse more than merely good is its distinctive individuality of movement. You cannot hear a page of Milton's or Tennyson's or Stephen Phillips's without recognising their peculiar cadences and phrasings. But Mr. Noyes's blank verse lacks this distinctive character, which although in itself no merit is yet the certain sign of merit. The verse of the *Drake* indeed, though nobler and more fertile in metrical expedient, is inferior to that of the same poet's *A Night at St. Helena*. Its failure is rather difficult to analyse without technicality. Roughly, the continuity of blank verse depends largely upon the veiling of the natural pauses at the end of the line. If these are obscured, the lines run prosily together as often in Byron; if they are over-emphasised, the verse loses its organism and becomes a cloying succession of unit lines, as in Marlowe. Mr. Noyes's blank verse has this latter fault. In spite of many fine passages and more mighty lines, it is monotonous. He has the apt numbers and the fit quantities, but he has not learned how variously to draw the sense out from one line into another. Of this also he is perfectly conscious; and toward the end of the poem his versification becomes desperate, ransacking the utmost license of irregularity in search of new combinations. The gorgeous Spencerian stanzas—the best since Byron—in which he describes the imminence of the Armada, are a confession of weakness. Blank verse is capable of

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this or any effect; but Mr. Noyes cannot make it so.

And yet it is an ungracious task to take note of these failings.

The poem is full of astonishments, whereof the greatest is that its beautiful strength can bear so many blemishes, that a failure can be so magnificent. It has the material of an English Epic indeed; and it is a great pity that it has been attempted so hurriedly and so soon. Now it is done, and its best fate will be to go down with *Endymion* and *The Princess*. Its faults are here set down; but its merits will need no demonstration: to illustrate its worthiness would be to quote half the poem. Though Mr. Noyes sways and splashes in the effort to get his whole power upon the oar, yet we have none living who can keep peace with him. The *Drake* is a Headless Victory: blemished, imperfected, glorious.

Brian Hooker.

III

Lombroso's "After Death—What?"*

Any book by Professor Lombroso is sure to command a wide reading. His work in the field of criminal anthropology long ago placed him in the front rank of social pathologists, and since the promulgation of his startling views on genius he has enjoyed a popular as well as a scientific reputation that is international in its scope. He is deservedly regarded as a singularly original and independent thinker, of absolute intellectual fearlessness, and possessing a happy facility for rendering his views in a language understandable by the untrained mind. All these traits are in evidence in his latest book, dealing with a subject of more universal interest than any of which he has formerly written.

This is the old, old question of whether the soul survives the death of the body—a question which in other ages men were content to answer in the affirmative on faith alone, but which, in these prying times, they must needs determine by the methods of science. As everybody knows, for more than a quarter of a century the Society for Psychical Research has been industriously seeking in England and in this country evidence scientifically demonstrating the future life, while the same quest has been carried on in European countries by similar organisations and individual inquirers. In this volume Professor Lombroso tells what he and other psychical researchers have been doing in Italy, and in particular endeavours to justify his personal conviction not only that there is existence beyond the grave but that the dead can and do communicate with the living.

For, from an attitude of thoroughgoing scepticism, he has become converted into an ardent spiritist. "In psychical matters," he is quite ready to admit, "we are very far from having attained scientific certainty. But the spiritistic hypothesis seems to me like a continent incompletely submerged by the ocean, in which are visible in the distance broad islands raised above the general level, and which only in the vision of the scientist are seen to coalesce into one immense and compact body of land, while the shallow mob laughs at the seemingly audacious hypothesis of the geographer." Which, of course, puts him unmistakably on record, with characteristic Lombrosian frankness.

His conversion, it appears, is chiefly, if not wholly, the result of the "manifestations" he has witnessed in the presence of Eusapia Paladino, the Italian medium who for the past fifteen years has occupied fully as commanding a position in the attention of European psychical researchers as that held by Mrs. Leonora Piper among the psychical researchers of England and the United States. There is a vast difference, though, between the mediumship of these two women. Mrs. Piper is a "psychic" in the strictest sense of the term, confining her efforts to communicating, while in a state of trance, oral or written messages supposed to come from discarnate spirits. Eusapia Paladino, on the other hand, like the Fox sisters, the Davenport brothers, Home, Slade, Eglinton and all early mediums of prominence, deals mainly with the "physical" phenomena of spiritism. That is to say, when she becomes entranced she is apparently controlled by spirits whose sole

*After Death—What? By Cesare Lombroso. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

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object is to mystify, and even terrify, the spectators by sensational displays of supernatural power.

Tables and chairs dance about as though alive, and are lifted and tossed in the air by unseen hands; ghostly fingers pluck at the sitters' sleeves, or deal them most substantial blows; musical instruments start playing, seemingly of their own accord; and shadowy forms materialise out of the empty air, passing and re-passing between the sitters and the medium's cabinet. But, over and above doings like these, which are the stock in trade of the ordinary physical medium, Eusapia Paladino, according to Professor Lombroso and other equally noted investigators—such as Professors Morselli and Bottazzi—is able to produce phenomena hitherto unknown in the annals of spiritism, and more startlingly spectacular than any recorded in the case of her most successful predecessors. Says Professor Lombroso, of a series of séances held at Milan and Genoa in the winter of 1906-7:

Professor Morselli gives notice that he has discovered some person behind the curtain, feels its body resting against him, and we see its arms enveloped in the curtain. Unexpectedly, Barzini pokes his head into the opening of the curtain in order to look into the cabinet. It is empty. The curtain is swelled out and yet its voluminous folds are empty. That which on one side seems to be the form of a human body in relief, on the other appears as a *carita* in the stuff—a *moulage*, a mould. . . . Barzini touches with his right hand, which is free, the swelling of the curtain on the outside face, and positively encounters under the stuff the resistance of a living head. He identifies the forehead, feeling the cheeks and the nose with the palm of his hand; and when he touches the lips, the mouth of the thing opens and seizes his hand under the thumb. He feels distinctly the presence of a sound set of teeth.

As Professor Lombroso observes, one is instantly reminded of Mr. Wells's fantastic conception, *The Invisible Man*. At another séance:

When the lights had been turned on, and we were all ready to go, a great wardrobe that stood in the alcove room, about six and a half feet away from us, was seen advancing slowly toward us. It seemed like a huge pachyderm that was proceeding in leisurely fashion to attack us, and looked as if pushed forward by some one.

More than once, Lombroso assures us, the spirit force, or whatever it is, has succeeded in imprinting bas-reliefs in wet clay enclosed in a wooden box. He has personally seen this done at Milan and Turin, besides which

A few months before he died, Chiaja presented me with some bas-reliefs obtained (all of them) from Eusapia when in a state of trance by placing clay wrapped in a thin fold of linen on a piece of wood in a box, and this covered with a board securely weighted down by a heavy stone. Upon this the medium placed her hand, and after she had entered into the trance state cried out, "It is done!" The box was opened and there was found the hollow print either of the hand or the face of a being whose facial expression was mingled of life and death. I was not present at these sittings. But the testimony of Chiaja (a man of honourable memory) and that of an illustrious Neapolitan sculptor who took the reliefs from the moulds or imprints, is my firm guaranty as to the transaction.

More startling still is the declaration that on several occasions phantasmal hands and arms have been seen emerge from Eusapia's side, touch persons and objects at a distance beyond her reach, and then re-enter her body. It is supposed to be by means of these pseudo limbs, usually invisible, that she produces phenomena in experiments like the following:

Having placed two Regnier dynamometers on the table at a distance of three feet from the medium—asking her to exert the greatest pressure she could—we saw the indicator go to forty-two kilograms, and this of itself, in full light, and during one and the same manipulation. But when she is out of the trance state Eusapia has never before been able to reach more than thirty-six.

Taken at their face value such occurrences as these—and the incidents quoted represent but a small proportion of the wonders reported by Professor Lombroso—certainly suggest either spirit action, as Lombroso believes, or the action of some unknown natural force, as others conjecture. But before adopting either hypoth-

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esis the critical reader—and in matters of this sort all readers ought to be extremely critical—is bound to ask himself whether the data given in connection with the phenomena recorded indicate beyond any doubt that they were obtained under conditions absolutely excluding the possibility of fraud. This is the more necessary in Eusapia Paladino's case, because she has been detected not once but repeatedly in the most shameless trickery.

Some years ago a committee of the English Society for Psychical Research, headed by that expert detective of the supernatural, the late Richard Hodgson, in a series of sittings held at Cambridge, England, gave a detailed *exposé* of the methods she then employed; and Camille Flammarion, one of her later apologists, admits that she still resorts to fraud at every opportunity. Professor Lombroso himself naïvely acknowledges that she frequently exhibits "a slyness that in some cases goes as far as deception," and enumerates on another page a few of her "tricks":

> Many are the crafty tricks she plays, both in the state of trance (unconsciously) and out of it—for example, freeing one of her two hands held by the controllers, for the sake of moving objects near her; making touches, slowly lifting the legs of the table by means of one of her knees and one of her feet; and feigning to adjust her hair and then slyly pulling out one hair and putting it over the little balance tray of a letter weigher in order to lower it. She was seen by Faifofer, before her séances, furtively gathering flowers in a garden, that she might feign them to be "apports" by availing herself of the shrouding dark of the room. It would seem, also, that she had learned from certain prestidigitateurs some special tricks; for example, that of simulating human faces by movements of the two hands wrapped with a handkerchief so as to look like a turban.

So that, bearing all this in mind, and bearing in mind also the notorious fallibility of the human eye under the most favourable conditions for observation, it is only reasonable to demand that the alleged supernormal phenomena be obtained under conditions doing away with the necessity for close and continuous watchfulness. So far as Lombroso's narrative indicates, this requirement has never been met by Eusapia Paladino. He describes, to be sure, a number of interesting experiments with delicate scientific instruments for registering differences in weight, pressure, etc.; but it is significant that when the experimenters encased their instruments in sealed cardboard boxes, and made the perfectly legitimate request that the mysterious force affect the instruments without breaking the boxes, a failure followed. Yet Eusapia claims to be able to cause writing to appear on the last page of a tablet of paper merely by touching her finger to the top sheet!

In point of fact, the majority of her phenomena, on Lombroso's own showing, are developed in almost total darkness, or in a semi-obscurity that would make the detection of fraud almost as difficult. Moreover, he is disappointingly vague in his description of the precautions taken to prevent fraud. The more carefully one reads his book, the stronger must the impression grow that the marvels which he recounts with such boundless enthusiasm are in reality the work not of an intermediary between this world and the next, but of an uncommonly clever and resourceful trickster.

This view of the case, let me add, finds confirmation in Lombroso's own statement of the results of clinical and physiological examinations of Eusapia made by him and by Professor Morselli. Both scientists agree in pronouncing her a true hysterical. And one of the most frequent stigmata of hysteria is an uncontrollable tendency to duplicity, falsehood, perpetual deceit.

H. Addington Bruce.

IV

Robert Grau's "Forty Years"*

By the simple process of turning out on his desk several baskets full of notes and printing them end on end with no editing whatever, Mr. Robert Grau has got together a fat book. An arbitrary division into chapters appears to be the only concession he has made to selection, per-

*Forty Years' Observation of Music and Drama. By Robert Grau. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

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spective, or usefulness. With no order and no index, *Forty Years' Observation of Music and Drama* becomes valueless for reference. He denies all claim as literary man or critic, but certainly he and his publishers are business men enough to know that unless papers are pigeonholed they are lost. Doubtless many who go to his book in hopes of valuable data will become discouraged at having to rake such a heterogeneous and unarranged heap of material, much of it useless or trivial or in the nature of personal puffing. It would seem as if few people connected with the stage or business side of the theatre during the last forty years have missed a banquet. This —unfortunately the tendency of most theatrical reminiscence and the reason it is so difficult to form an opinion of actor-folk—has in many places reduced the book to absurdity. But even without more discrimination in material, a definite plan and some generalisation on his experience might have made a fairly important volume for those interested in theatrical history, since it contains the personal observation and recollection of "the last of the Graus," a man intimately associated with opera production in the past and for sixteen years a notable figure in the vaudeville business. As it is, here is a large pudding with few plums (though plenty for the "profession!"), and these are easily missed.

Compared to earlier managements, Mr. Grau sees little of intelligent endeavour in the younger business men of the stage. He admits, however, that Mr. Hammerstein is a marvel and that no impresario of the last fifty years has used better judgment, especially in measuring the length of time a celebrity may attract with a limited repertory. Maurice Grau was the first manager of opera in America to leave enough to pay his funeral expenses. He left a fortune of half a million, all gained after the age of fifty, but it must be remembered that he "juggled stocks as well as prima donnas." Abbey made a fortune with Patti, Mary Anderson, Irving, and Bernhardt, but lost it in one season and died as poor as he began, leaving only the field of opera and theatre the richer for his labours.

The progress of opera, as he thinks all who recall the old Academy days will agree with him, has after all been greatly at the box-office. In the 70's and 80's $3 was the highest price even for Nilsson and the greatest caste that could be assembled, but even so early the public preferred a name to an ensemble. Except on Patti nights, when receipts always went to $10,000, opera never took in over $3,000. Yet in spite of the greatly increased modern earnings, the receipts of Jenny Lind's concerts at Castle Garden still hold the record. These were exceeded only once in modern times—at the Prince Henry performance at the Metropolitan during the Grau régime, when they reached nearly $50,000. Nor is the spectacle of two opera houses in the city with great stars at their head a complete novelty, although this is the first time the town has been able to stand the strain for long. When Strakosch had Nilsson, Campanini, Capoul, and Maurel at the Academy, Maretzch was presenting Lucca and Tamberlik at the Grand Opera House. Managers gave more for the price of admission, too. In the fall of '72 Maurice Grau lumped together in one bill Rubinstein, Wieniawski, and Theodore Thomas's orchestra for $2 the best seat. This was a specimen of the musical treats four decades ago. But it must be recollected that Rubinstein received only $200 a concert and the salaries of conductors, once at a maximum of $100, are now about ten times that a week. Maurice Grau made a good thing out of Rubinstein, for at his most successful concert he took in $3,100. When Rubinstein heard of it he was infuriated and refused to return at any price, thus proving himself different from some other foreign stars, whose greed, says Mr. Grau, is simply unbelievable. He instances Tamagno, who sold to ticket speculators the ten seats given him for each performance.

The progress of the variety theatres is about the same. Thirty-five and even twenty-five years ago they were giving tremendous bills but paying no such salaries as now. Vesta Victoria came to America for $100 a week where she now gets $2,500. It is customary to speak of the variety theatre of long ago as something wholly unworthy. While it is true,

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however, that up to the advent of Keith and the continuous performance there were not over half a dozen first-class variety theatres in the country, these were conducted in a manner which compares favourably with those of to-day. Many notable actors made their first hits on the old variety stages. Denman Thompson and *The Old Homestead* began their careers there. It was Mr. Keith and his assistant, Mr. Fynes—once the first dramatic critic of the *Evening Sun*—who made "modern vaudeville"; but long before his day Tony Pastor, Harrigan and Hart and others had cleaned out the halls and made the attendance of ladies possible. The revolution of the variety stage into vaudeville was largely due to the invasion of "legitimate" players and singers and not to any great change in the entertainment itself. But there were no gold-bricks in that period, and the selling of well-known names from the legitimate stage after they had lost their usefulness was unknown. It was Mr. Proctor who first tempted a great celebrity into vaudeville when he secured Italo Campanini. Mr. Fynes followed suit and began to throw out bait in the shape of larger salaries to those stars who were willing to lose caste in their own field. When the first legitimate playlets went into the provincial variety houses, it was necessary to have policemen to quell the riot in the gallery. Vaudeville, Mr. Grau thinks (in spite of the moving-picture invasion—which is primarily on account of the smaller admission fee which may be charged), is still in its infancy. The era of $2 a seat is not far off, and Wagner's trilogy and symphony orchestras are already discussed as head-liners.

The same phenomena in respect to salaries, prices, and return for the money are to be noted in the legitimate theatre. The entire salary list of a company would rarely exceed what is now paid to a leading lady. John T. McCullough was glad to get $35 a week in Montreal not so long before he died. Gross receipts of $6,000 were rare in those days, whereas to-day attractions play to $12,000 and even $18,000 a week. Yet the success of the Kiralfys at Niblo's thirty years ago has never been duplicated, and the first attempt to place a grand spectacle on the local stage—*The Black Crook*—has perhaps never been rivalled or even approached since. The old school theatrical manager was something more than the figurehead which is now in charge of provincial theatres, and only a few of the most distinguished stars in the 70's were able to meet their obligations without their friendly aid. In the period when the rialto was Union Square, not half a dozen managers had an office of their own, and many of them, notebook in hand, transacted their business on the street. It was when Klaw and Erlanger moved up to Twenty-eighth Street that they for the first time established a clearing-house for practically the entire theatrical business of the country. The goodness of heart and comradeship which in olden times made managers help one another are to-day conspicuous by their absence. They have become entirely unsentimental, while the American public still remains as notable for disloyalty to its own as ever it was. It will be a surprise to learn that the haughty ticket-speculator was once even a greater magnate. He was even a factor in production and held a mortgage over the head of practically every impresario for two decades, and to managers a few years back his aid was indispensable. More than forty years ago, New York supported a company of Parisian players who acted the entire year. This the city seems no longer able to do; but now as then German and Yiddish theatres are plentiful. The Jewish population, which now equals the entire population of twenty years ago, supports four legitimate theatres and ten first-class music-halls. These Yiddish theatres, it is interesting to note, are entirely at the mercy of a series of unions—actors', choristers', hair-dressers', prompters', bill-posters', and ushers' unions succeed every season in closing their doors for a period.

Mr. Grau deplores the passing of opéra-bouffe, once so firmly intrenched in New York that Offenbach came over in '76 and received $1,000 a night for conducting. With a population one-fifth of what it is now *La Grande Duchesse* ran for a hundred nights and *Geneviève de Brabant* for one hundred and fifty, both sung in French. Not since the death of Aimée

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has New York heard Offenbach and Lecocq, though every year New Orleans and Montreal import companies from Paris. Since both opera houses and New Theatre also announce opéra-bouffe and comique for this season, a revival of real comic opera may be at hand. It is amazing that the public which once revelled in *The Black Hussar* and *The Beggar Student* has been willing to tolerate for so long the meaningless musical comedies.

Mr. Grau hints that we may hear from him again. He must have much to say that a little pains and discrimination can make far better repay the saying.

Algernon Tassin.

V

Mr. Hewlett's "Open Country"*

Incorrigible romancer that he is, Mr. Hewlett has never had a more congenial theme and setting, once he gets to them, than in his latest story. It begins in chapter three, the preceding pages being mere prologue. Enter John Senhouse, the gypsy philosopher of *Halfway House*. Not, however, by way of sequel. From a note of advertisement you have already learned, somewhat disconcertingly, that this book is to set forth an episode in the earlier life of the vagabond, done and closed long before he met Miss Mary Middleham. Unquestionably it is a bit perplexing; some pages must be passed before one is adjusted to this unprovoked resurrection. Nothing could prove more conclusively that Mr. Hewlett writes for posterity. Our children have only to read the books in their proper chronological order.

But back to Mr. Senhouse and romance. He sits in his tilt-cart by the roadside, "slobbing" water-colours on a board in a vain effort to arrest the magic of a shaded forest. Then suddenly the effort itself is arrested—and no wonder.

> A young lady belted in a white frock had come through the trees to the edge of the pool. She had no hat on, and was barefooted. Intent upon her thoughts, she gazed deeply into the dark water, holding her skirts up out of the wet. It was evident that she was looking at something in there which she had seen there before. . . . He knew the pool well, and that it was at least twenty feet deep in leaf-mould. Either the lilies would pull her down, or she would go down by nature. The water would be deadly cold—but she couldn't possibly be so foolhardy as that!
>
> She had picked up her skirt again and put one foot forward till it was up to the instep in water. He had seen her start at the unexpected cold, but not withdraw her foot. . . . Presently she deliberately pulled her clothes up above her knees and took a step into the pond. The quick bubbles foamed round her leg and broke in yellow foam on the water. At that step only she was immersed nearly to the knee.

And then Senhouse, saviour of maidens in danger, intervened. It is all as innocent and natural and charming as a page from one of Mr. Hewlett's mediæval romances. Is this, then, a mediæval maiden? No, it is Sanchia Josepha Percival, daughter of Tom Percival, respectable London city man; the date is late April of 1894. Hence a new bewilderment. Read a dozen pages of *The Forest Lovers* and you expect to come on lovely maidens by the brink of pools, adventuring the water with slim feet. But the daughter of a city merchant—! Mr. Hewlett has made the long leap from the past to the present, but he has not abandoned the free practices of his ancient craft. He attempts to play the modern game in the old style. As a finale to the adventure of the pool, Senhouse fetches from the tilt-cart his portable bed, floats it as a raft, and he and Sanchia in turn navigate the pool from end to end. In *The Forest Lovers* that would be charming. But what sort of a portable bed, in these days of portable beds, is of sufficient weight and buoyancy to serve as raft to float a grown man? One is inevitably sceptical; the thing has not been truly observed. I do not believe Mr. Hewlett has ever seen the feat attempted, much less performed it himself. Alas, for the spirit of romance in our realistic days!

Mr. Hewlett thus imperfectly modernised, become realist rather by profession

*Open Country. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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than by conviction, is wearing with more or less conscious intention the mantle of Meredith, which has not yet settled to a snug fit over his shoulders. In manner he is less openly and imitatively Meredithian than he was in *The Stooping Lady* and *Halfway House;* but he has performed a more significant act of homage in making the present book a novel of ideas. Senhouse is a philosopher, so labelled; his view of life, his gloss on the human comedy, are put forward as a main justification for the book. Chapters are given to the letters in which he instructs his lady-love. He is the author's spokesman to voice his own convictions—and he is an anarchist. He preaches the return to nature, the freedom of Open Country, the cult of poverty. It is sad to relate that he is often superficial and sometimes dull. One has only to compare him with Meredith's wise men—with Gower Woodseer, or Dr. Shrapnel, or Vernon Whitford, or even Adrian Harley—to know that the mantle is far too large for a perfect fit.

On the whole, the book is a disappointment to those who, admiring Mr. Hewlett's unquestionable cleverness, have looked for the great comedy which he has sometimes seemed capable of writing. It has no great intellectual distinction. Yet it has signal merits, and in parts it does not suffer by comparison with Mr. Hewlett at his best. The latter half has the movement of real drama. There is fine irony in the situation: the girl in love with an unworthy suitor, heedful of the teachings of her philosopher-guide, and prepared to defy the world in order to follow the leading of her heart. For a moment Mr. Hewlett seems to see through his hero's eyes the flaw in his philosophy, though it is too late to justify his having taken it earlier with too apparent seriousness. In the crucial situation the characters become real persons, moved by real motives, exposed to real temptations, swayed by real emotions—above all, the last. Even the philosopher has, when it comes to the test, more heart than brains. His reasoning is not convincing, but he has the lineaments of a man. In this fact lies the secret of Mr. Hewlett's *métier*. It is to be feared that he will never write a great comedy, for he has not seen deeply into the thoughts of men. At heart he is still, in spite of the recent shifting of his base, the born romancer, and he is at his best, not in the expression of ideas, but in the telling of a swift, dramatic story.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VI

Robert W. Chambers's "The Danger Mark"*

Mr. Chambers's new "society" novel—his third—suggests, first of all, the timeliness of a study of the genesis and evolution of the *genre* in this country. One need not go back, for the purpose, to the early specimens turned out by forgotten writers of the Knickerbocker school in the middle of the last century; it would suffice to fix the point of departure some twenty-five years ago, when Julien Gordon, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Edgar Saltus were producing three distinct varieties, which suggest, in the analysis, the vital importance of the author's point of view, his purpose, and also the question of foreign influences—chiefly English and French. The English society of W. H. Mallock, for instance, differed widely from that of "The Duchess," as widely as do its pictures drawn by Elinor Glyn from Mrs. Humphry Ward's to-day. The French society of Gyp is not that of Octave Feuillet or Georges Ohnet, who, according to Mme. de Martel, knows nothing about it; and it was hard to believe, twenty years ago, that Mrs. Burton Harrison and Edgar Saltus were writing of the same social body.

The subject grows in all directions as one contemplates it. There are subdivisions to be taken up and dealt with in separate chapters: society fiction for the wicked and the virtuous, the serious and the fluffy-minded; society fiction by the inductive and the deductive method, at first hand and second, by insiders and outsiders, written for home consumption or export to the "provinces"; and, finally, the third- or fourth-hand product, recently described most felicitously as

*The Danger Mark. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

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"Mrs. Wharton translated for the chewing-gum trade." Such a study would lead one up and down the ladder of contemporary American fiction, from the author of *The House of Mirth* to Laura Jean Libbey, with, on the intermediate rungs, interesting sidelights from Henry James and Mr. Howells, Mrs. Atherton and Upton Sinclair, Richard Harding Davis and the sternly disapproving Hamlin Garland, not to forget the vigorous David Graham Phillips. The industry is centred in New York chiefly; the Boston of Mr. Howells, Judge Grant and Ellen Olney Kirk should be included, however. Robert Herrick's studies of the Middle West are made of different material. A composite picture would result in a blur, from which but few conclusions could be drawn: that foreign influences, even English, have ceased; that the point of interest has shifted from exalted birth to inordinate wealth; that inherited money must be considered as a destructive influence; and, finally, that the Young Person has won here as in all other forms of our art.

The Danger Mark is a "society" novel about the Young Person, and for her—incidentally also about and for him. Mr. Chambers is deservedly a popular writer, for never does he fail to hold the attention of his readers to the end. It is thus with his latest story, even though its first hundred pages or so are decidedly slow reading, and the interest goes in the end to minor characters rather than to the heroine, least of all to her brother. What puzzles the observant reader of the book, however, is the lack of proportion between the age and the knowledge of and attitude toward life of some of its characters. The hero talks and acts like an experienced man of the world—at twenty-five! But then, the tyranny of the Young Person insists upon youth in its fiction and Byronic romance; wherefore the author is forced to endow mature minds with youthful bodies. The result is incongruous, unreal. Dysart's age cannot be ascertained; one would give him forty-five, but a study of the chronology of the story demonstrates that he must be under thirty. From which it follows, further, that his wife is far too old for her years.

One final observation about this book, which will undoubtedly repeat the numerical success of its predecessors from the same pen. Mr. Chambers is evidently deeply interested in heredity—in hereditary alcoholism, more by token. In one of his earlier novels it was a man who fought the transmitted demon within him, and won; in this case it is a young girl whose will power, supported by a great love, vanquishes in the end. Logic is not necessary in fiction, perhaps, but some degree of consistency is. Science confesses that it knows far less of heredity than do our novelists, but it has at least announced its conclusion that hereditary influences, converging in the individual from so many conflicting ancestral directions, are generally as potently inhibitive as progressively impelling. Therefore, if this girl conquers her inherited vice, it must be, according to the hereditary theory, through virtues transmitted to her by other ancestral lines—her mother's maybe,—not by her own "free" will. One cannot be determinist and libertarian in one breath, even in fiction. In Dysart's case, too, but one hereditary tendency is recognised, without complicating influences from converging sources. The hero presents a return to the normal American type after his divergence from it under the spell of tempting, corrupting Paris. Fictional heredity should not be taken too seriously; it would be better for the writer of fiction to leave it alone.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

Cicely Hamilton's "Marriage as a Trade"*

Miss Hamilton has something to say that is new, and something to say that is good. But in the saying of it she has taken occasion to ease her mind of many things that have evidently been burdening her for years. And these things are neither particularly new nor particularly good. There is no doubt about Miss Hamilton's sincerity, but her attitude reminds one at times of the old story of the Irishman who belaboured a Jew for

*Marriage as a Trade. By Cicely Hamilton. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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the crime of the latter's race in the tragedy of Calvary, and on being expostulated with explained that he had "only just heard of it." Miss Hamilton is the author of a play which was produced in London and New York. Now we may possibly share the opinion of Mr. George Bernard Shaw that the stage is the last refuge of Anglo-Saxon conservatism, still we feel that during the putting on of her play Miss Hamilton must have had to get beyond the circles bound by the conventions of English country parsonages. But her point of view, in so much that she says, is that of an eager-minded woman chafing against the restraints of just such narrow conventions. Surely, if she has read anything at all of what has been written during the past ten years on her chosen subject, she must have recognised that the world has moved even in this respect.

Yet she is constantly taking a long breath, bracing herself for the shock, and beginning "I may be thought queer," or "I may be unduly outspoken," or "Even at the risk of being anathematised, I state that . . .," and then she proceeds to state things which have long been a matter of commonly accepted opinion in enlightened circles everywhere. In spite of her vaunted radicalism, Miss Hamilton is still very conservative. She is still tremblingly placing a timid foot outside the circle by iron-bound rules regulating thought in English country parsonages or their equivalent in suburban America.

And for the really modern woman, to whom Miss Hamilton offers a touching admiration, there is an amusing lack in her point of view toward one side of her subject, a side of it which she thinks she is treating bravely and fairly. She does not seem to realise that a woman can have any other attitude toward love, can know any other form of it, than the cat-on-the-hearth affection which—as she rightly says—the average woman is willing to bestow on any man who offers her marriage, or the indifference of the happily occupied independent woman, who according to Miss Hamilton spends her spare time nobly "resisting temptation." Miss Hamilton seems to have known so many of these independent women who have "resisted temptation," or "fought the brute in man." It is most encouraging to read about, but one wonders a little . . . at many things.

It would be doing Miss Hamilton a great injustice, however, not to emphasise some of the good points of her book. She has given utterance to something that has been understood perhaps but not voiced before. This is the fact that the great mass of average women, who are supposed to find the chief excitement of their lives in romance, are absolutely unromantic and practical in their attitude of mind toward the things of romance. Many an open-minded woman who has talked to men as a comrade has been struck by the actually romantic innocence of even the intelligent man regarding some matters which the average unintelligent woman treats with the baldest practical common-sense. Also Miss Hamilton has much that is good to say about the already widely accepted truth that a greater economic freedom for women would make marriage more what it should be. Likewise has she grasped absolutely a fundamental economic truth; viz., that the artificial limiting of opportunities for earning a livelihood tends naturally to reduce wages and make conditions worse in the over-filled trades. The understanding of this is the beginning of economic wisdom, and it is not every woman, nor every man either, who can see it. Having grasped so essential a truth Miss Hamilton may some day make a wider application of it. Meanwhile, in spite of,—or perhaps because of its faults, her book is very entertaining to read. And its sincerity commands respectful attention.

Leonard Curtis.

VIII

Myra Kelly's "The Golden Season"*

Several magazine stories, with new introductory and final chapters, have here been collected to make up a book of amusing episodes of college life. Myra Kelly is a delightful painter of school life at any age, and some of these stories show all the humorous insight, the deli-

*The Golden Season. By Myra Kelly. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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cate touches of observation which we have welcomed before in the work of this writer. The chapter entitled "The Mothers of Edward" is a gem. The idea of the "Mothers-play-study-Problem Class" is too good not to be true. It is one of those situations which we feel must have happened, no literary imagination is lucky enough to have invented it. The adventures of Elizabeth Alvord, the heroine of the book, in this "Mothers' Class" are amusing, but are the smallest part of the fun. The class itself, its composition and its exercises are too delicious for mere criticism to follow. We must simply laugh and enjoy.

Possibly because she talks too much about her, Miss Kelly has not succeeded in interesting us as much in her heroine as in the minor characters she introduces to us. She tells us so much about Elizabeth's originality, and all her other wonderful qualities, that the young lady has considerable difficulty in living up to the expectations aroused. Also we are but mildly interested in Marion Blake, Elizabeth's "Boswell," who is telling the stories. The personal equation, which Miss Kelly has not yet learned to handle skilfully, interferes in this case also. But there are a host of minor characters who are delightfully amusing, or gently pathetic figures, finely drawn, alive and true. They are of more value than the incidents, amusing though some of these last be, and of far more value than the principals. Little Miss Petersen, with her desire for learning, and her belated love, is a true artistic creation; the Pearsons and Professor Blaisdell are real, and the author is successful in making us feel Billy Blight's personal charm. Miss Kelly is certainly a good press agent for her Alma Mater. Although it must be confessed that it is somewhat of a stretch for the imagination to conceive of this delightful young man, Billy Blight, becoming a great and famous painter with no further instruction, apparently, than that given in the Art Department of a Teacher's College. The types among the Old Guard are delightful, and the college spirit illumines most of the stories with its irresponsible joyousness and the pleasure of youthful comradeship. There is much to laugh at, and a half hour spent with this book is an enjoyable one. But there is a subjectiveness in Miss Kelly's style which has always been characteristic of her work, but which is now growing into a mannerism it would be wise to check. It would show a little more confidence on her part in the creations of her imagination if she would send them out into the world without standing all too protectingly over them, without impressing too strongly upon us what she thinks about them herself. This attitude amounts at times to an interference which the reader instinctively resents, and which mitigates the pleasure he might otherwise take in her pleasant, chatty, humorous tales.

J. Marchand.

FINIS

O Earth! Our lives are but a day;
About thy mother-feet we creep,
Till tired at last of all our play,
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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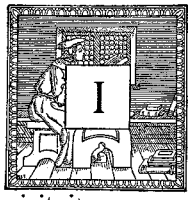
THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XI—Boston



IT is not given to every one to write of Boston with a true conception of its essential inwardness,—its *anima* or perhaps one ought to say its *animula.* Foreigners who visit it are very apt to admire it more than they admire any other American city; but their admiration is neither unbiased nor intelligent; because Boston lionises foreigners. It sets them up on pedestals, and wreathes their brows with cranberries, and concentrates upon them the whole intensity of a provincial admiration. Naturally foreigners like this, and they go away and say nice things of Boston in return. Yet what they say is not to be read or pondered save with an amusement that is best when it is esoteric.

A pure product of New York City cannot write of Boston with detachment, for the place gets frightfully upon his nerves, simply for the reason that he is a New Yorker and therefore temperamentally anti-Bostonian. And the same may be said of a chronicler from Chicago. People from Philadelphia or San Francisco or New Orleans would not write of it at all—each, however, for a different reason which it would be tedious to explain at length and which cannot be explained with brevity. It is one of my vanities to think that I am peculiarly fitted to see Boston as it really is. This is not mere boastful self-assertion, but is based upon the fact that, having in my early years drunk in the atmosphere of Boston and its tributary province, I have subsequently, like Odysseus, beheld many other cities and many other kinds of men and have, therefore, at once a certain underlying sympathy with Boston and also a true standard of comparison by which to judge it.

Of course, a native of that city possesses only a Bostonian standard, of which, if he lives there very long, he will be quite unable to divest himself. Take, for example, Professor Barrett Wendell—a conspicuous and melancholy instance. Mr. Wendell, as his name implies, is by birth and training thoroughly Bostonian. Nevertheless, he does not wish to be considered so, but would rather be taken for a cosmopolite, and a somewhat *rusé* citizen of the world. When he wrote his *Literary History of America,* he tried with great care to view the New England writers as he would view the French writers of the eighteenth century, or the British writers of the early nineteenth. He even patronised them now and then and indulged in little pleasantries at their expense. But the spirit of Boston breathed through his words in his own despite, and led to the following delicious little sentence *à propos* of a stanza by Lowell:

> You feel a note to which Boston hearts will vibrate so long as Boston hearts are beating.

Nempe hoc assidue! There you have it cropping up. Boston hearts! Think of that. They will beat and they will vibrate, and this matters much to the world beyond. The passage is the more memorable because Lowell's lines did not refer to Boston at all, but to Massachusetts. It is a peculiar sign of the true Bostonian that he regards all Massachusetts as merely a suburb of the City of the Three Hills.

Professor Wendell reminds us of that *blasé* Muhammadan gentleman, Wali Dad, of whom Kipling has much to say in his story *On the City Wall.* Wali Dad had become thoroughly Anglicised. He had given up his religion and his racial customs. He lolled in the boudoir of Lalun, and criticised alike the British government and his own people. When the feast of Mohurrum came on and there was trouble with the Hindus, Wali Dad looked out upon the turmoil and emitted a few epigrams. The fight grew some-

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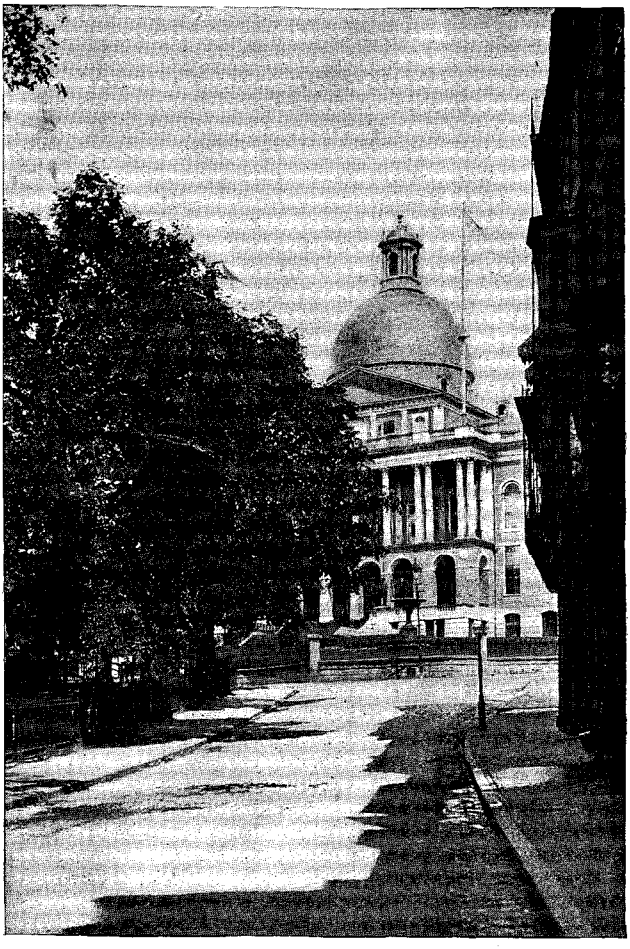

"THERE IS NOTHING IN NEW YORK TO EQUAL THE SHADED APPROACH TO THE STATE HOUSE"

what serious. Then, says Kipling of Wali Dad:

His nostrils were distended, his eyes were fixed, and he was smiting himself softly on the breast. The crowd poured by with renewed riot—a gang of Musalmans hard-pressed by some hundred Hindu fanatics. Wali Dad left my side with an oath, and, shouting: *"Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!"* plunged into the thick of the fight, where I lost sight of him.

Professor Wendell is the Wali Dad of Boston. He can discourse in an unemotional yet piquant way of English literature and other literatures; but when something really stirs him and he wishes to give it the highest praise that he can think of, he tells us that here is a note to which Boston hearts will vibrate so long as Boston hearts are beating!

There are many other Wali Dads in Boston, not all of them of such high degree; yet they are quite as faithful to the Boston standard of comparison. Some years ago, when Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States, he went out to Cambridge and visited the university. A Boston newspaper fell to musing on this incident. It wondered just what sort of an impression individual Bostonians had made upon the Prince. It closed with the following delightful passage of rumination:

We should not be so much interested to learn what Prince Henry thought of very distinguished men like President Eliot, but it

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would be instructive were the Prince to set down all his reflections upon some of our typical Boston citizens, as, for instance, what impression he carried away of Henry L. Higginson.

It never for a moment occurred to this worthy scribe that a royal prince who had met the greatest men in Europe—statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, scholars, financiers and others—and who was perpetually attending magnificent functions, might possibly have failed to let his mind dwell with intense earnestness upon any of the "typical Boston citizens"—even upon Mr. Henry L. Higginson—and that he would not probably have sat up nights trying to formulate an opinion even of a Perkins.

But this was extremely characteristic of the Boston mind and the Boston point of view. It is local—tremendously so; and it tends to specify and be exceedingly concrete with regard to whatever happens in Boston or its vicinity. Dropping to a lower level, just scan the headlines in the Boston newspapers. You will find such things as this:

NATICK MAN FALLS FORTY FEET!

Or this:

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM BUTCHER TRIES A NEW EXPERIMENT!

Here you have it in a nutshell. It is not so important that some one fell forty feet, but that this catastrophe happened in the city of Natick. Likewise, the "new experiment" may, perhaps, in itself be interesting, but this interest is largely heightened by the circumstance that the empirical butcher who tried it was a resident of South Framingham.

All this may seem to be a long and otiose digression in a paper which undertakes to tell something about Boston. But if you will think of it for a moment, you will see that it is no digression, but goes straight to the heart of the whole matter. In the preceding paragraphs, I have really been telling you about Boston all the time. I have been indicating and illustrating its concentrated individualism, which has set its stamp so strongly upon this interesting city as to make it more individual than any other city of the United States. Bostonians will tell you with a sort of moan that the old landmarks are being swept away and that the influx of an alien population has sadly changed the good old town. It is true that Boston has had Irish mayors; and that not long ago it was proposed to change the beautiful name of an historic portion of the city in honour of a local Italian politician. Nevertheless, the grim tenacity with which Boston holds to its New England past is so much in evidence as to make small things like this of no importance. The spirit of Cotton Mather and Hancock, the Adamses, the Quincys, the Lawrences and the Abbotts, wrought so mightily in Boston for two centuries or more as to stamp the place with certain traits which can perhaps never be eliminated. A resident of the Back Bay district, or one who lives in those quaint and charming little streets just off Beacon Hill, may note some variations that are infinitesimally small; yet the visitor does not recognise them. To him, Boston is the same, yesterday, today and forever.

I have said it many times before, and so have others, but I must say it once again: the thing that makes Boston so unlike any other city of America is its kinship to the smaller cities of Old England. You find yourself starting with a gasp of astonishment and delight on turning some corner, on being reminded of Leeds, or Leicester, or Canterbury, or Coventry, or Chester, as the case may be. Often it is difficult to define wherein consists this likeness, but it is always there. It is there just as truly on State Street, with its noise and bustle, as it is in Copley Square or along the Public Gardens, or when you stand beside the State House and see vistas on every side that are not American at all, but English. It has been remarked of Englishmen that they are oppressively self-centred, that they seem repellent to a stranger, but that, after all, they have made England a country which contains the most beautiful homes in the whole world. Let me say that in this respect Bostonians are like Englishmen, and that Boston is like England. One need not be here more than half an hour before he gets the English flavour. The very names

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"YOU SEE VISTAS THAT ARE NOT AMERICAN AT ALL, BUT ENGLISH"

upon the shop-signs are good old Saxon names. When you find such names upon Broadway in vast New York, you stop and feel like taking off your hat, they are so rare, incongruously placed beside the names of Germans, Irish, Poles, Italians and even Greeks and smooth Armenians; but in Boston it is quite the other way. A foreign name is here a curiosity. It is delightful even to know that the street up which you stroll is Marlborough Street or Devonshire Street, or Somerset Street, or Commonwealth Avenue, or Beacon Street, and that the cars which pass you bear such legends as "Middlesex Fells." What a pleasure to know that there are fells near Boston! How fine the good old county names of Middlesex and Suffolk! How pleasing that the statues which adorn the town are not the statues of Garibaldi, or Verazzano, or even of Columbus, who was, after all, a dago, but of Americans such as Washington and Webster and Everett and Sumner and Hooker. How it thrills one to find that its park is not called a park, but has the good old name of Common, and that the beautifully shaded turf below it is a Public Garden. Even though the Shaw monument is disfigured by an inscription in atrocious Latin, it was erected in honour of a genuine American.

But, after all, it is the homes of Boston that make the greater part of it so beautiful. Gently swelling fronts, clustered thick with ivy, fine old balconies touched always with a suggestion of greenery and with awnings that cast a pleasant shade below—these are what most appeals to the wanderer from other and cruder American cities. We don't know precisely the place which Mr. Howells had in mind when he described the little house in Clover Street where Bartley Hubbard and Marcia set up their household gods; but we have seen a dozen pleasant thoroughfares which might have served him as a model. One would rather live in Clover Street, however humble it may be, than in any of those brownstone structures decorated with griffins and impossible gods along the pretentious West End Avenue in New York. And if you come to squares and public buildings, there is nothing in New York to equal the shaded approach to the State House, whose gilded dome looks benignantly down upon all of Boston. Nor can New York equal Copley

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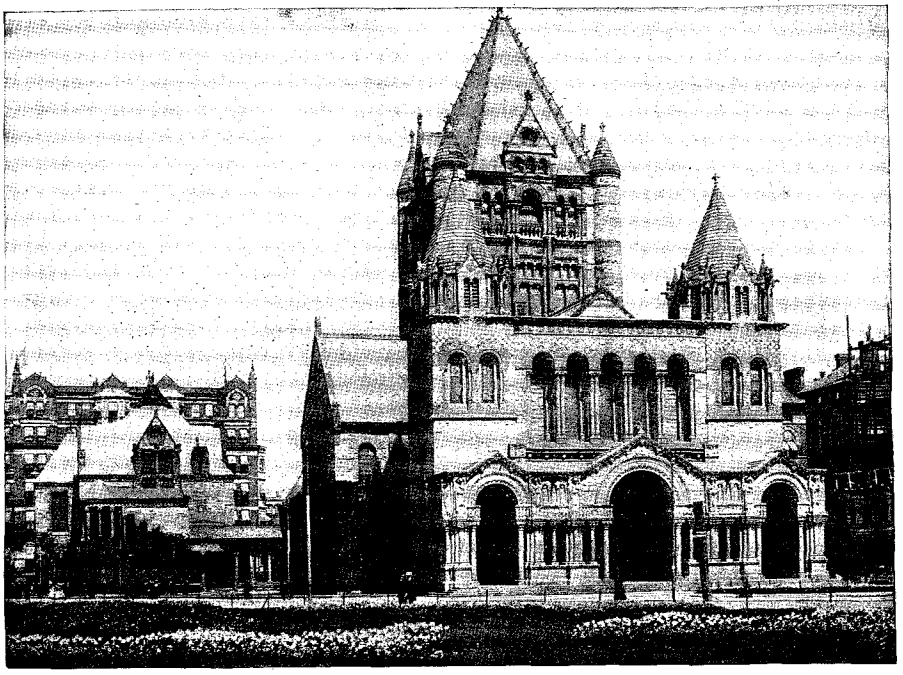

"RICHARDSON'S GREAT ARCHITECTURAL CREATION, TRINITY CHURCH . . . SURPASSES OLD TRINITY IN NEW YORK AND MAKES ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS TWO PERKY LITTLE SPIRES, SEEM FANTASTIC"

Square, which, indeed, would be conspicuous for its chaste magnificence in any European capital. Richardson's great architectural creation, Trinity Church, conceived in a spirit that is Romanesque, surpasses Old Trinity in New York, and makes St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its two perky little spires, seem fantastic. What the still unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine will actually be after the architects have made the fiftieth change in their inharmonious plans, no one can say. At present it is squat and huge, a jumble of Classical and Gothic. It can never hope to have the unity and harmony of the noblest church in Boston. Copley Square, in fact, next to Beacon Hill, is Boston's chief glory, with its three churches, the Public Library, and the Museum of Fine Arts. I have enough of the New Yorker in me to make me envious of these splendid structures, and enough of the Bostonian to regret that a few trumpery shops have been allowed to creep in and mar the symmetry of the whole.

Reverting to the English aspects of the city (which includes the State as well), one likes to know that the Governor of Massachusetts and the Lieutenant-Governor are the only public officers in the United States who are legally the possessors of titles. The Governor is by law "His Excellency," and the Lieutenant-Governor is by law "His Honour." So, too, the sheriff of the county is something like an English sheriff—a person of much dignity, and not a lounging politician, nor a glorified constable, as is the case elsewhere. He is entitled to wear a uniform and also to carry a sword beside him, precisely as the sheriffs did nearly three centuries ago. Furthermore, every proclamation of His Excellency and every official order of the "General Court" winds up with the stately words: "God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" just as in modern Rome the city ordinances still bear the ancient and hallowed abbreviation "S. P. Q. R."

These things are not trifles. They are indicative of the spirit which, as I have said, survives all modern changes. They are rooted in the past. They are redolent of a fine tradition.

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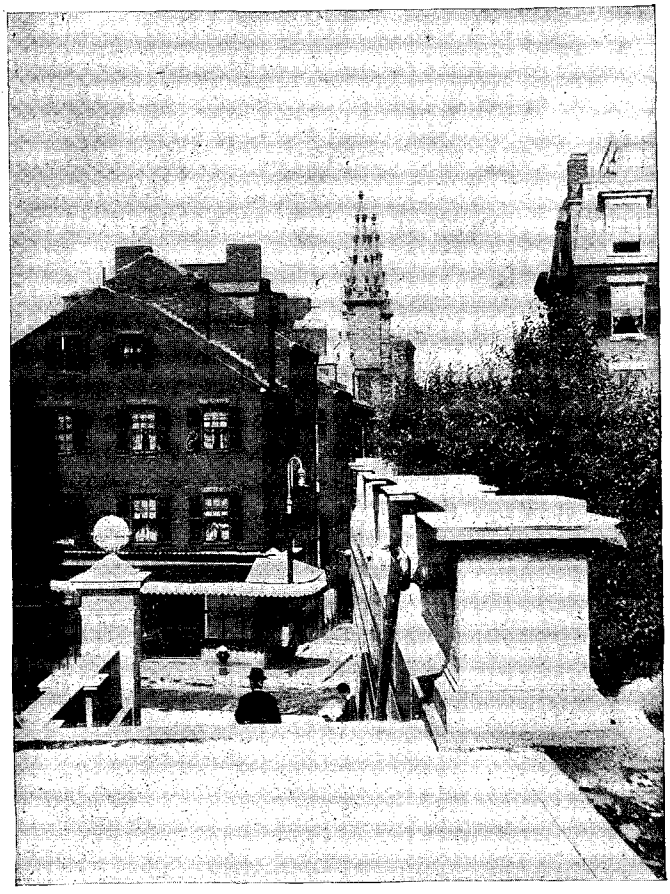

"THOSE QUAINT AND CHARMING STREETS OFF BEACON HILL"

On the other hand, while this is English and Saxon, it is none the less the Saxon-English of a provincial town. The Boston of the past was aristocratic in a sense—aristocratic as Venice was, but without the finer touches which would have come had the community been Royalist and Cavalier instead of Puritan. It was an aristocracy of those who believed that "the India trade" had the odour of sanctity, and that the rich merchant who owned slave ships and imported blacks for the Southern plantations was something of a nobleman. A nobleman he was, but without the esoteric graces of a nobleman. He was strong, but hard. He served the Lord on Sundays; but through the week-days he was busy on the wharves, reckoning up his profits from those ships, underneath whose battened hatches there screamed and yelled a herd of wretched negroes, rolling their yellow eyeballs and gasping for air and water while the vessel rolled in the sultry calms of the southern seas. He had no sense of humour, just as to-day he has very little; since from the roof of a fine chamber in the State House there still hangs a codfish as a symbol of his seafaring. The Governor may be styled "His Excellency," but he is very likely in private life a manufacturer of shoes. The sheriff of Middlesex may appear with sword and uniform and with huge gilt epaulets upon his shoulders; but he also wears what he would call "a silk hat," so that he was not long ago described as "resembling some distinguished diplomat from Haiti." The Boston Lancers go cantering over the long bridge to Harvard, or up and down the streets of Boston, and they make a rather

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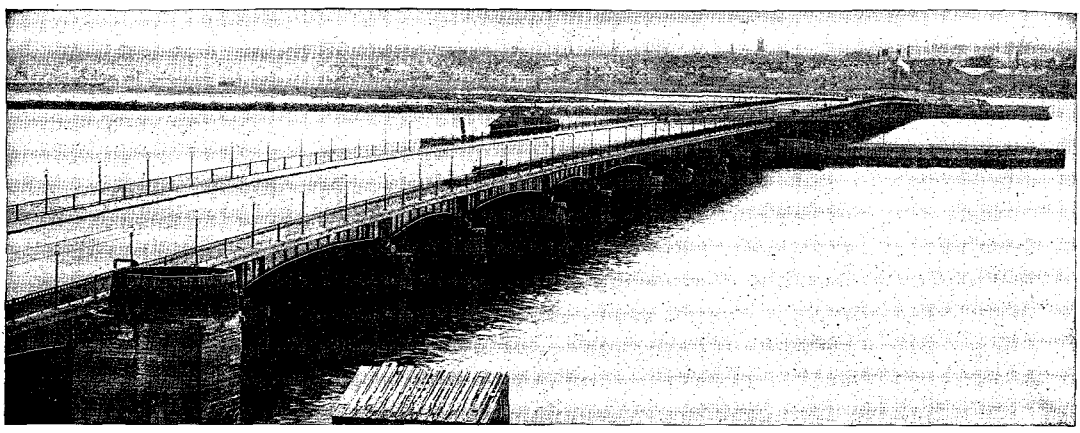

"THE BOSTON LANCERS GO CANTERING OVER THE LONG BRIDGE TO HARVARD"

fine display; yet no one ever heard of these civic warriors engaging on the stricken field. They are really the trainband of Boston; and while they thus recall a British origin, they recall no less the lower levels to which trainbands belong. Boston, in fact, is not at its best when it goes beyond a Puritan notion of elegance and comfort. A banquet there will show extraordinary solecisms in the order of the wines; and we have the high authority of Mr. Howells for the fact that Dan Mavering and his father—both of them Harvard men—when lunching at the Parker House, ordered raw oysters in midsummer. What is regarded as the finest of Boston's hotels is really rather stodgy, even though no expense has been spared in its decoration and cuisine. The so-called Brahmin caste is called so only by its members, or at the most it is to be reckoned as the Sudra.

It is because Bostonians are not aware of this and will never be aware of it, that their attitude is so different from that of those who inhabit other American cities. Thus, if you tell a Chicago gentleman that you think his town extremely sooty, and if you quote to him a little of what Kipling said about it—as to "its maze of wire-ropes overhead and dirty stone flagging underfoot"—"its turmoil and squash"—he will turn on you with indignation and recite to you statistics of its rapid growth, the number of pigs that are slaughtered there each day, and will tell you how every one is hustling for money, except those who are also hustling for culture. If you remark to a Philadelphian that his city is the most corruptly governed of any city in the world, he will look abashed and rabbit-faced, because he cannot deny it. If you tell a New Yorker that his metropolis has filthy streets which are continually torn up, that it swarms with aliens, that it is heterogeneous and has no civic solidarity, he will frankly admit all this without resentment, adding only: "Well, after all, the place suits *me*." But when you criticise Boston to a Bostonian, your words glide from him like water from a duck. Who are you that you should speak of Boston? Boston is Boston, and nothing else can possibly be said of it. The Boston man may look at you with pity, or he may look at you with tolerant contempt, or he will politely change the subject for the reason that, no matter what you say, it cannot possibly have any interest for him. This trait is profoundly British—provincial British—and it is of the essence of Philistinism; for the true Philistine thinks that he is better than any other person, and that what he has is the norm by which all things are to be measured. Who can criticise a norm? It is far above all criticism and even above all comment, because of its normality.

It is this local Boston spirit which has left some unpleasant marks upon the history of Massachusetts. Thus, when George Washington, in 1789, made his first visit to New England as President of the United States, he was received with great enthusiasm in Connecticut and

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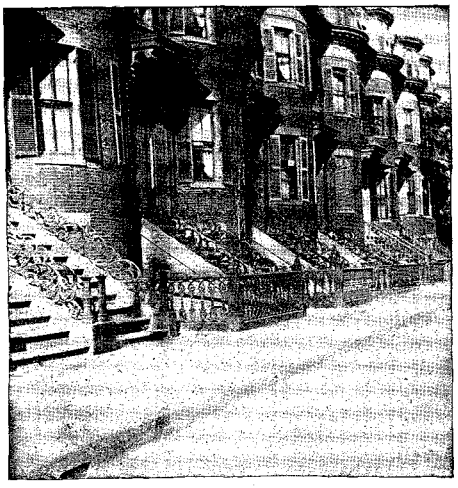

CONCORD SQUARE

New Hampshire, even though these States were not wholly favourable to the new Republic. But it was only in Boston that he was met with something which bordered upon insult. Old John Hancock was Governor of the State, and he refused either to meet the President at the border, or even to call upon him after Washington had entered Boston. This was immensely characteristic, and Hancock showed himself thereby to be a true Bostonian—not because he was pompous and pedantic and disregarded the amenities of life, but because he honestly believed that the Governor of Massachusetts was a greater man in every way than the President of the nation of which Massachusetts formed a part. That is very much the fashion in which a Bostonian *pur sang* would act to-day under the compulsion of unprecedented events. So, again, during the War of 1812, another Governor of Massachusetts hampered the nation in its struggle with Great Britain. Aid and comfort were given to the enemy, and twelve Massachusetts delegates attended the treasonable Hartford Convention. The war had injured the "business" of the Boston merchants, and that was enough for them. That Boston should suffer for the benefit of the whole Republic was unthinkable. Why? Simply because it was Boston. Another Boston man, the fanatical Wendell Phillips, later described the Constitution of the United States as "a covenant with hell." Why? Simply because he, a Bostonian, did not approve of it.

So far as Boston, at various times, aided England against Americans, this was not (as one might think) because Boston is itself so English. Nowhere, in fact, is there so little Anglomania. The people from the earliest times have been of English stock, but they have shown this most strikingly in their general willingness to oppose, confront and badger England. They have the Englishman's unreason, stubbornness, and pride. If you doubt it, take a carriage and drive

THE PRESCOTT STATUE AT BUNKER HILL

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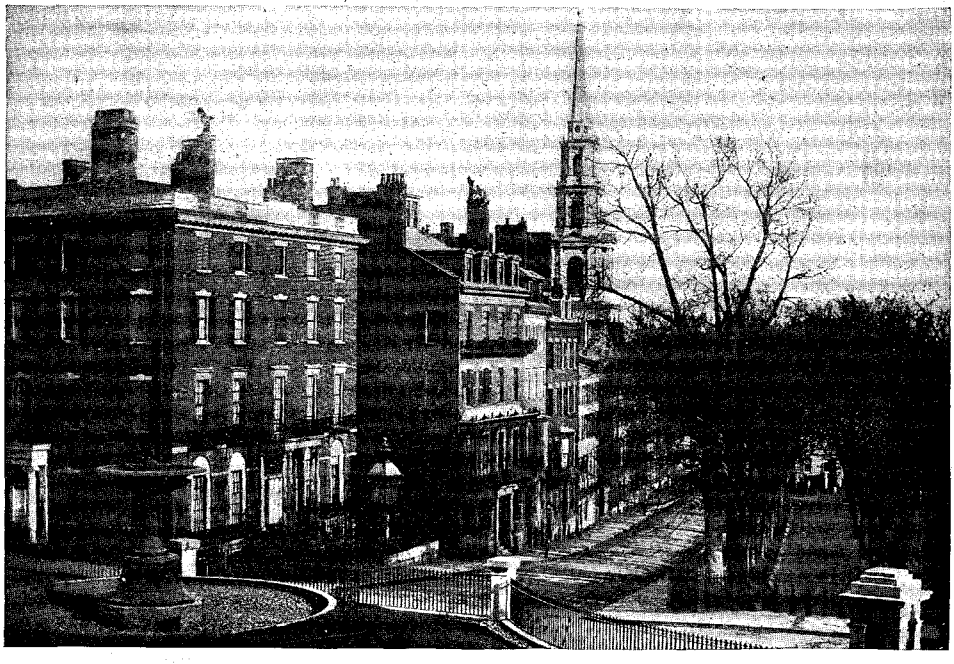

"FINE OLD BALCONIES TOUCHED ALWAYS WITH A SUGGESTION OF GREENERY"

"THE BEAUTIFULLY SHADED TURF BELOW"

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out to Charlestown, bidding the man to stop at Bunker Hill. Even the Bostonians are a little ashamed, in these days, of going there. They leave this to strangers and newly married couples. When you ask the hall-porter at the Touraine to call a carriage, and tell him that you are going out to Bunker Hill, he will smile a deprecating smile and deferentially suggest that there are better drives in other directions. It may be so, but there is something about that rough-hewn obelisk that appeals to me and stirs my blood.

The rugged blocks of stone appear to symbolise the rugged, untrained men who, on the seventeenth of June, in 1775, faced the choicest soldiers of the British army and hurled them back again and again, until every bullet had been shot away, and every powder-horn had been emptied. On Bunker Hill, one recalls the familiar anecdote of the American who, in later years, visited the citadel at Quebec. On this visit he was guided by a friend, an English gentleman, who had just a little of the tactlessness that marks his people. The pair, in roving about, came upon a small old-fashioned cannon which bore a label showing that it was captured from the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill. The Englishman called attention to the label.

"You see," he said, "this cannon. We took it from you at Bunker Hill."

The American looked with a curious interest at the ancient field-piece. Then he remarked thoughtfully:

"Yes, there is no doubt that you have got the cannon. But," he added, somewhat more slowly and distinctly, "it happens that *we* have got the Hill."

Whenever I visit Bunker Hill, I always go into the little museum at the base of the monument,—not, as one might suppose, to buy souvenirs or to look at patriotic relics; but especially to see an old coloured print which hangs upon the wall, and which, so the legend underneath it says, represents The Hon^{ble} Israel Putnam, Esq^{re}. I don't believe that Putnam could possibly have resembled the likeness given in this print, which I regard as the most remarkable print that I have ever seen. No human being and no being who was even partly human could look like such a pig-faced, bloated and preposterous old codger. That is what makes the print so well worth seeing. I have spent hours in the print-shops of Boston, trying to find a duplicate of it, but have never been successful.

From an artistic point of view, the marble statue of Joseph Warren which stands in this museum is hardly better in its way. It is from the hand of Henry Dexter, and represents Warren, not as a soldier and a man of action, but as a supercilious-looking lady's doctor. If he really was like that, we cannot feel any deep regret that a British grenadier poked him in the ribs with a bayonet, as represented in Trumbull's painting.

But on the very summit of the hill, at the very spot where he is reputed to have stood throughout the battle, stands a bronze figure of Colonel William Prescott wrought by Story. That statue is one which gives, in every line, a strong impression of all that is and was the very best in New England and in Boston. It is the incarnation of the spirit of New England standing there alert, keen-eyed and watchful, grasping a drawn sword and gazing toward the scarlet ranks that are sweeping slowly up the hill to their destruction. The face is not a sympathetic face, but it is clean and strong. It tells of a clear brain, of an unflinching purpose, and of dauntless courage. Prescott was the last to leave the field, and it is fitting that he should be the first to receive the admiration of every one who now approaches it. Somehow, Prescott is like Boston when we have purged away the minor blemishes at which we jest so lightly. Though we come to scoff, we must, if we are thoughtful and sincere, remain to pray—to pray that the truth and strength and power which seem to live in this heroic figure may persist and remain as an ideal for all Americans.

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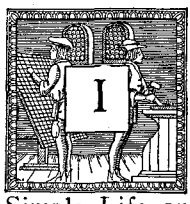
PRIMORDIALISM AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IT has become the fashion of late to make a cult of the primitive and elemental. The Call of the Wild is the keynote of much of our recent fiction, and the Simple Life and the Return to Nature are treated as terms synonymous with *La Bête Humaine*. Now, of course, there are always at least two ways of looking at anything, and human life is no exception. You can regard mankind as a little lower than the angels or a little higher than the apes,—and your point of view cannot alter the rather important fact that man is neither ape nor angel, but somewhere midway between them; that you cannot picture or explain intelligently any of the fundamental human emotions, love or hate, hope or fear without taking into account the flesh as well as the spirit, the hereditary animal instincts and impulses as well as the highest intellectual processes of modern culture. It is also quite true that in refined men and women of to-day the primitive savage is not nearly so far beneath the surface as it pleases us to think he is. The veneer of civilisation which a few thousands of years have spread over our ancestors of the stone age scales off with astonishing ease when some unusual combination of circumstances suddenly renews primordial conditions. The blood-lust that comes in battle, the primitive vengeance of the unwritten law, are simply re-enactments of prehistoric tragedy, hereditary memories of feuds fought out in the gloom of ancient cave.

But these are not new ideas, nor is there any great profit to be derived from disproportionately dwelling upon them. It is, of course, a healthful antidote to the overworked brain and the overworked soul to remember that we have red blood and strong supple muscles; a good thing to find joy in deep breaths of pure mountain air, in clean, swift strokes through blue, sparkling water. It is a healthful antidote to asceticism and pedantry, to live for a time in the heart of ancient woods. But there is a vast difference between thinking of man as a healthy human animal and thinking of him as an unhealthy human beast,—and the Call-of-the-Wild school of fiction is tending toward precisely this exaggerated and mistaken point of view. The chief trouble with all the so-called Back-to-Nature books is that they suggest an abnormal self-consciousness, a constant preoccupation regarding the measure of our animalism. Now, it is a sort of axiom that so long as we are healthy and normal, we do not give much thought to our physical machinery; so long as our breath comes easily and our pulse is even and our appetite is good, we do not remember that we have a heart and lungs and digestive organs. So long as we are physically and mentally sound, we do not pause in the midst of a wrestling match or a cross-country run to calculate the precise distance that separates us from our anthropoid progenitors. But this, in a certain way, is precisely what the characters in the average Call-of-the-Wild novel seem to be doing, or at least what the authors are constantly doing for them. They seem, so to speak, to keep their fingers insistently upon the pulse of their baser animal emotions,—and this is precisely what the primitive, healthy savage is furthest removed from doing.

Secondly, this modern primordialism is reprehensible because it distorts the truth. It ignores the fact that if modern man listens with one ear to the Call of the Wild, he listens with the other to the Call of the City, the call of civilisation and of progress. It is a bad thing for man to think of himself simply as a soul in bondage, a prisoner of the flesh which must be persistently mortified by fasting and prayer and cloistral seclusion. But it is, if anything, a degree worse to ignore the soul altogether; to glorify the animal instincts as man's

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proudest heritage,—because while each of these attitudes toward life represents only half the truth, the former is the nobler, more progressive half, while the latter represents a retrogression.

Of course, the only sane and honest way to look at life is to admit that in the simplest of our daily actions and impulses it is impossible to separate the physical from the psychic; in our loves and our hates, we can never tell how much is a matter of logical reason and how much of blind instinct. The novelist who looks upon love as a sort of vague, intangible spirit worship is as hopelessly far from reality as the novelist who insists on debasing it to a mere matter of nature's economy, a factor in the law of the survival of the fittest. There is, of course, a type of man who reverts very nearly to the level of the jungle folk; but he is not to be found in the healthy human animal of modern civilisation or modern savagery. Zola understood the type, and he pictured it with repulsive frankness in the purely pathological character of Jacques Lantier, the homicidal maniac of *La Bête Humaine*.

Conspicuous among the votaries of Primordialism, from the very beginning of his career as a writer, is Jack London. In his men and in his women also, of whatever class, race or colour, the dominant note is always the crude animal instinct, the same primitive needs and desires that animated the cave dwellers, unnumbered years ago. It may be frankly conceded that Mr. London has produced, after his own fashion, many a page of rugged strength, many a scene of splendid physical courage and the joy of conflict. No other writer of his generation has found more striking phrases to express the lust of battle, with man or beast or the force of wind and wave. But when it becomes a question of the more delicate and subtle processes of a man's brain or a woman's heart—reasonings and emotions as remote from the stone age as wireless telegraphy,—then Mr. London is frankly out of his element. His occasional attempts to portray the finer, higher types of men and women result not in real people, not even in caricatures, but simply in lay figures, puppets from which not blood but sawdust would exude, should we pierce the surface. This lack of comprehension of his own limitations is the conspicuous fault of his latest volume, *Martin Eden*. The theme is not a new one; the attempt of a rude, uncouth and quite ignorant man to civilise and educate himself, because he happens to meet a young woman with "spiritual blue eyes," who makes him think of "a pale gold flower upon a slender stem." Martin Eden is a sailor whose destiny hitherto has been to drift around the world aimlessly, from port to port, with no ambitions, no standards, no definite scheme of life, companioned by vile men and viler women, women whom Mr. London characterises with the following repulsive vigour:

"Martin Eden"

> Frowsy, shuffling creatures from the pavements of Whitechapel, gin-bloated hags of the stews, and all the vast hell's following of harpies, vile-mouthed and filthy, that under the guise of monstrous female form prey upon sailors, the scrapings of the ports, the scum and slime of the human pit.

There we have a characteristic specimen of Mr. London's power of word and phrase,—hideously repellent, to be sure, but none the less graphic, insistent, refusing to be forgotten. We meet Martin Eden on the threshold of a new life, just as he is preparing to put the forecastle permanently behind him,—yet the taint of his earlier years follows us through the book, like the reek of bilge-water. Equally vivid and unpleasant is the presentment of the only home he knows, the wretched, cramped and dingy room in the house of his married sister; the sordidness of the family life, the heavy odours of frying fat, the prevailing impression of penury and uncleanness. All this is well done in its way, if it is worth the doing; it belongs in the same class with Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets,* and Norris's *McTeague,* with its memorable reek of stale beer. Good also is the portrayal of Martin's monumental awkwardness, at his first contact with people of refinement,—the awkwardness of some uncouth, deep-water animal, unexpectedly stranded by the receding tide. But as for the rest of the story, there is much that is unspeakably

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bad, much that unintentionally oversteps the border-line between the serious and farcical. The fault lies not so much with the plot, which is of the thinnest, as with a distorted perspective of life. The plot in brief is merely this: Martin has befriended the brother of Ruth Morse, interfering in a fight and saving him from serious injury. The brother, out of gratitude, introduces Martin into his family circle; Ruth bewitches him, and gives him the needed incentive as well as the practical help toward gaining an education and making a name and a fortune. And the result is not illogical; such a man as Martin might not unreasonably hope to raise himself, to learn the rules of grammar and of rhetoric, to put into literary form that would ultimately compel acceptance, the countless strange experiences of his earlier roving life. The thing has been done often enough in real life to justify its reoccurrence in fiction. And at the same time, such a man would be bound to find his course distinctly of the up-hill variety; he would have moments of profound discouragement; and the chances are strongly in favour of his failing in the end to win the girl who was the original incentive of his ambitions. But these facts do not justify Mr. London's grotesque exaggeration of Martin's difficulties with his publishers; his snarling rebellion against the slowness of his progress, which leaves upon the reader's mind the impression of a prolonged whine; and least of all the complete fiasco in his portrayal of Ruth Morse, the Chicago millionaire's daughter, who in the parlance of the *atelier* is simply hopelessly out of drawing. For instance, fancy a modern well-educated young woman, who has seen a few seasons of American social life, and is endowed with a fair average amount of common sense, holding such a conversation as this with her mother. The two are supposed to be considering the disadvantages of a marriage with Martin.

"There is one thing you must always carry in mind——"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Morse's voice was low and sweet as she said, "And that is the children."

"I—have thought about them," Ruth confessed, remembering the wanton thoughts that had vexed her in the past, her face again red with maiden shame that she should be telling such things. . . . "Why, mother, you are a woman too! . . . I should never have thought of you in that way if we had not had this talk! I had to learn that I was a woman to know that you were one too."

One has to revert to the notorious *Three Weeks* of Elinor Glyn in order to find a parallel case of anything so unconsciously ridiculous. People, real people who are not stuffed with sawdust do not talk that way.

The best, or the worst, that may be said of Rex Beach, according to the way you regard them both, is that he is an able understudy of Jack London. He has the same worship of the primitive, the same graphic power of picturing the gloom, and hardship, and biting cold of the far northwest, the same dramatic strength for describing the sort of brute courage that does not know when it is beaten,—and at the same time a much larger share of that very valuable commercial asset, an instinct for the sort of plot that will command and hold a very large audience. *The Silver Horde* is undoubtedly going to duplicate the popular success of *The Spoilers* and *The Barrier,* and undeniably there is good stuff in it, if that happens to be the kind of stuff you like. But it is saddening to think what a cheap east-side melodrama could be built out of it by some conscienceless stage carpenter. Here it is in a nutshell: hero, poor but proud, and at the end of his resources, meets heroine, shrouded in mystery, living in regal luxury in the desolate wastes of Alaska. Heroine confides the fact that a fortune may be made in canned salmon, if only they had the money to build a plant on a spot she has staked out, on the river bank, where the most phenomenal catches may be made, in the right season. Hero, in love with rich Chicago girl, jumps at this chance, goes East to raise the money for the enterprise, and discovers that during his absence a rival has made rapid headway with the girl's affections. And this rival is no other than the best hated and most feared man

"The Silver Horde"

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throughout Alaska, the man who has formed the canning trust, and who at long distance controls every salmon cannery on the Pacific coast. The rest of the story is that of the hero's stubborn fight against the trust, a fight that involves every unscrupulous trick that a desperate and unscrupulous stage villain can invent; and when the final curtain is rung down, the hero has the satisfaction of seeing the canning factory a success; his rival utterly discredited; his former betrothed, the rich Chicago girl, revealed in all her shallowness and treachery, and he himself free to give his love to the Klondike woman who has helped him make his fortune. It is only fair to readers of *The Spoilers* to tell them that this Klondike woman, the real heroine of the book, is Cherry Malotte, whom they cannot fail to remember from the earlier volume, and whom they will doubtless be glad to see again, finally married and settled.

"Northern Lights"

Northern Lights, by Gilbert Parker, is a collection of short stories of the Canadian Northwest, that fits in rather opportunely with the type of books herein under discussion. The notable feature about these stories is, that while they deal with primitive people and conditions, the hardships and dangers of the snowbound North, the baser passions that lurk just beneath the surface,—yet the be-all and the end-all of these tales does not lie in their chronicle of suffering and tragedy and brutal impulses, but rather in the unexpected gleams of kindness and mercy and human kinship that suddenly, in almost every one of the stories, diffuses a glow of tenderness that well justifies the symbolic title of *Northern Lights.* Primordialism, in so far as it enters into the scheme of Sir Gilbert Parker's writings, serves as a reminder, not of man's kinship with the brutes, but of the vast distance that he has already left them behind.

"Stradella"

Stradella, the last of the long series of uniformly well-told tales that is ever to come to us from the late Marion Crawford, seems at first sight curiously out of place in a discussion of atavism and the basic passions of cave-dwellers. And yet, when one comes to think more carefully of its sum and substance, one realises that its relationship to the type of book represented by the foregoing examples is no more strained or artificial than, let us say, that of *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice* to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey. Stradella* is a tale of sixteenth-century Venice, a tale that bristles with swords and with villainy, cruel parents and runaway daughters, *bravos* and *sbirri,* dungeons and torture-chambers. But it is all told in Mr. Crawford's lightest and most whimsical manner. Although fairness forbids that the book should be called a burlesque, yet there lurks a suspicion that the author was having abundant fun in writing it; and that in picturing the courtship of Ortensia, niece of a Venetian senator, by her music master, Stradella; their flight from Venice and pursuit by two amiable cutthroats, hired by the uncle, with instructions to kill the lover and capture the girl; and the subsequent long comedy of errors, during which the cutthroats, partly through a series of accidents, but partly also because they take a genuine fancy to the young couple, fail to prevent their ultimate arrival at Rome and happiness under the protection of the papal power,—that in picturing all this, Mr. Crawford came as near to *opéra-bouffe's* methods as was possible to come and yet preserve an illusion of actuality. It is the sort of story that any other hand less skilful in the sheer technique of fiction writing would have easily spoiled by a clumsy touch. But as it stands it is a delicate, whimsical, altogether delightful love story, with swift transitions from scenes of real charm and pathos to others of a humour that wisely stops just short of the grotesque. The two hired assassins of the story are most engaging rascals; and their primordialism is less nearly related to the Stone Age than to Mr. Gilbert's *Pirates of Penzance.*

"Zandrie"

Zandrie, by Marian Edwards Richards, is a strange, unusual story, one which a good many readers will at first be inclined to underrate, puzzled by its eccentricities of structure and method. Then, little by little, as they make their way deeper into the

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heart of it, they will come to realise that here is a work of rather exceptional quality and delicate art, a work of slender and fragile strength, like that of a woman's slender, supple wrist; and that it is marred only in its ending, where the author's purpose seems to falter and stumble. Briefly, it is the story of a girl whose mother's family were Catholics while her father was a Protestant. So long as the father lived, he used to make the child utter day by day solemn vows that she would never allow herself to become a Catholic. But after the death of both parents she is sent to a convent, kept in an atmosphere of austerity and penance that is misery to a sensitive, nervous, rebellious nature. The one bright ray in the gloom of these early years is one day, when an accident occurs. A young man riding recklessly is thrown and crushed beneath his horse at the convent's gate, and out of sheer humanity the convent is forced to take him in. The man, during his slow struggle back to life, forms a deep attachment for the child, and offers to adopt her and take her away,—but the plan is suddenly rendered impossible when the surgeons tell him the truth: that his spine is crushed and that he will remain for life a paralytic. The child, however, never forgets the man; and years later, when she is on the threshold of womanhood, but still innocent as ever in the ways of the world, she makes her escape from the Sisters, tracks the man down, and with disconcerting and naïve frankness informs him that she has always loved him and that she has come to stay. And so much in earnest is she, and so determined to recognise no obstacle, that she does stay, not actually in the same house, but near enough to be able to see him day by day. And, of course, then the inevitable happens: the man, crippled, useless, often racked with pain, falls in love with Zandrie, finds the task of holding her at arm's length grow harder, day by day; and finally, when he realises that her innocence is too profound to allow her to understand why a human wreck such as he has no right to marry, takes steps to sever their relations altogether. There is so much that is really charming in this tender and unusual idyl that it seems a pity to have cheapened it by the hackneyed device of a marvellous surgical operation, a quasi cure, and the notes of a wedding march.

"The Compact"

The Compact, by Ridgwell Cullum, is a rugged but fairly well-told story of a woman and two men, working out a very primitive problem of love and rivalry, in the primitive environment of South Africa. Guy Chalmer once thought that he loved Mary Gordon; but that was before the opportunities opened up by the Boer war took him to the Transvaal. Once there, it seemed easier to stay and let the girl believe him dead. But when, later, Mary Gordon marries Ferman Elwood and also arrives in Africa, Chalmers meets her, trumps up some sort of an excuse for his perfidy; and, finding her still desirable and plainly indifferent to her husband, goes deliberately to work to win her for himself. Elwood, however, is not a man to be blind where the woman he loves is concerned; so he seeks out Chalmers, and at the point of a pistol forces him to agree to the following compact: they are each to have twelve months' grace, in which time one or the other is to win from Mary a definite declaration of her love, after which the unsuccessful suitor, whether husband or lover, is pledged to kill himself. Poorly done, this story would make nothing better than a dime novel. The fact that it is something considerably better than a dime novel is due to its careful workmanship, and especially to the clear and accurate brushstrokes of the Transvaal background.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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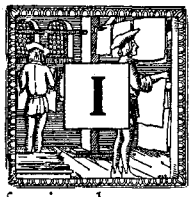
THE TATLER

I

A HINT TO GOSSIPS



CONFESS to a colossal and wholly unwarranted interest in the affairs of other people. It is a passion with me (as with Sherlock Holmes, though without his professional excuse) to observe the passings in and out, the hand-shakings, the covert smiles and the embarrassments of my neighbours, but it is an equal passion that my dramas shall have a final scene—and chance situations seldom reveal their secrets to the mere observer who is pressed for time. Life is short, and if we are thoroughly to unravel these dramatic knots, we must manage to introduce ourselves upon the stage and skilfully thaw their story from the actors. Otherwise, they pass and we pass, and the romantic opportunity is gone forever.

Some of you will doubtless scorn such an apotheosis of gossip. But others perhaps will sympathise with me on my first European tour, and will understand my excitement at the material all about me. After my secluded country life, it was champagne on an empty stomach. But many were the mysteries left unexplained from my sheer inability to force my performers into speech before they had hurried again into the void.

I condemn as too rough the method quoted by the *Alice Through the Looking Glass* poet, although I wholly share his instinct.

> I shook him well from side to side
> Until his face was blue.
> "Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
> "And what it is you do?"

I flatter myself that in its place I have hit upon a better trick, an international master-key as it were, which unlocks the most taciturn and sets the feeblest tongues wagging. This discovery consists of conversational topics that can be relied on to open the hearts of utter strangers immediately, and while my first —Marriage—is perhaps not wholly unexpected, my second, I affirm with all modesty, has the startling character of a new truth.

How distinctly I recall the occasion on which matrimony as a confidential lever first flashed upon me! It was in a train from Vienna to Salzburg. Two of us had embarked on a seemingly unprofitable journey in a compartment with three—an elderly, delicate man in grey gloves, a thick-set commercial traveller shrouded in his hat, while a huge monster filled the remaining space with his legs and his snores. The elderly gentleman (he had evidently made the discovery before me) after a period of silence asked mildly why I travelled without my father or my husband. I answered that neither was essential to travel, whereat the Hungarian drummer opened one eye. My companion added that if we had waited for husbands before travelling we should not be where we were; at which Fafner ceased his snorting and adjusted his hat on his knees. I cannot trace the development further—it was too swift. Suffice it to say, that the invalid on his way to Botzen was waving his grey gloves in protest; Fafner writhed and grunted facts about his daughter, his travels and his habits, while the Hungarian drummer forsook his bag of tape and buttons, and leaned back sighing, "Ach die Liebe, die Liebe!" Their revelations were perhaps uninspired by the highest muse, but the hint was priceless, and time fails me to enumerate the subsequent mysteries which this one theme unravelled. The Berlin table, hitherto a glum composite of English, Dutch, Swedish and German doctors, expanded under its magic influence in a single dinner, so that the little maid came in with the lights for tea before we had thought of moving, and the conversation wore itself out in a near-by café. The sphinx-like Austrian, who concealed his identity from the Florentine *pension,* was as clay in the hands of the potter when softened by this wily topic. Let it be understood that it is not what one learns about marriage or anything thereto pertaining that is valuable. It is only that under its hypnotic suasion

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the entire company reveals where it came from, where it is going and why, its antecedents, and its hopes, its adventures and fears. In short, the observer has but to scribble it in his note-book at once, without the fatigue of Sherlock's inductive methods.

Occasionally, however, a situation arises where marriage as a confidential prod is a failure. I recall a table of tourists, this time in Paris, which from its character presented peculiar difficulties. We devoted ourselves silently to our excellent meal, and a timid effort on my part to introduce the customary theme, suitably disguised, met with no response. The irresistible Aristide waving lily hands over his spinach had cast a spell over one end of the table, which made the matter too intimate for frank confessions.

Again chance came to my aid, and my second weapon was discovered. I remarked at random that I had a curiosity to visit India (one must say *something* between courses), whereat the subdued school-teacher at my left panted, "Yes, if it were not for the snakes." *Snakes*—the word was an enchantment! The pretty Scotch lady leaned across the table, "And do you fear them, too?" The lady lawyer from Chicago (we were all ladies but Aristide) did not fear them, but had a boa from South America in a lily-tank in the garden. The Scotch lady exchanged horrified murmurs with the school-teacher, while Mrs. Pike of Kansas reassured us by the news that hogs let loose on snakes finished them more effectively than St. Patrick himself. At this, a monument of quietude at my right showed signs of speech. She was an Australian, it seemed, and had survived incredible serpentine crises. She had beheld a large snake on the baby's lap, and like a second William Tell had shot it dead. We heard of snakes in the bushes, of snakes grasped in the place of harness, of snakes in dreams and premonitions, of snakes dead and alive. Do they die before sundown? Do their eyes ever close? The spaghetti wriggled—but, oh joy, the table talked! As we left the room, the lawyer, like the Ancient Mariner, was plying the pale teacher with fresh nightmares of pet adders with drawn fangs. I could have sketched the life-history of each one present and prophesied her future. I am convinced by later experience that nothing but snakes could have done it. The remainder of my trip was a triumphal procession. I dropped my more feeble matrimonial missile, and like a reversed Medusa warmed all tables into life with my snaky spell. It was with a mental swagger that I approached a new group with its dramatic possibilities. I bragged silently "Think not that your past can elude me or your future remain unguessed," and with a careless suggestion of Kipling, bracelet patterns, fishing ("I don't mind worms, but can't bear snakes" is the way that works) or even the circus, the ball was rolling, and stories of python fights, milk fed to household cobras, and snake eggs hatched in the roof multiplied apace. What I did not know then of my interlocutors was not worth knowing.

So much for the facts! They were discovered by chance, but does chance alone account for them? Is there no philosophy behind these random dinner tables? I have always believed that the accidents of the trivial observer were the opportunities of the profound, and since profundity is all that can redeem one of my catholic curiosity from the charge of impertinence, I insist upon a deep interpretation of these apparent eccentricities of talk. You have without doubt guessed my thought at once, for it needs but a moment for a nimble mind to recall that our history began with a man, a woman and a serpent, and what is more to be expected than that as the twig was bent, so the conversational tree should be inclined, in all off-shoots of the parent stock? Furthermore this lure of the serpent is no inheritance of an acquired trait. It dates earlier than Eve's loss of innocence to the very creation of all breathing things. For, why was Eve fascinated by the serpent to begin with? Can we imagine the lion, handsome though he must have been in his first grandeur, as luring Eve astray? Or can we picture the cow an irresistible temptress, even with a luscious apple on each horn? No—at the first emergence of conversation from chaos a man and a woman talked first of each other and then

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of a snake—and small wonder that these have been the touchstones of confidence ever since. For do eternal laws change? It is our bond with the first tête-à-tête. And just as gravitation holds knives and forks upon the table, no less than the planets in their courses, and the laws of combustion are the same for a sun as for a cigarette, so the serpent, that most subtle of all beasts, brought death into the world and all our woe, and also like an electric shock rouses Mrs. Pike of Kansas to inform us that hogs will rout snakes from any pasture!

Eleanor H. Rowland.

II

MAGAZINE VERSE

E admit, reluctantly, that the poetry published in our American magazines is constantly growing more saddening.

It may perhaps be said, in extenuation, that the poets are pitifully paid. An advertiser, wishing to buy, let us say, the frontispiece page of one of our periodicals, must part with a thousand or more good dollars, but a poet who wishes to warble over the same sheet of paper would be lucky if the editor were to send him ten dollars and his (the poet's) stamped (and self-addressed) envelope. At times we like to think that our publishers should pay more for their verses. At other times we content ourselves by wishing that all our minor poets could, at intervals, be muted—or even full stopped.

One magazine is, indeed, as much at fault as another. They each of them harbour—between their glossy super-calendered pages—their own little band of shameless sonneteers and rhapsodists. Fortunately for the versifiers, few people are hardy enough to read their depressing offerings, or there would be such an outburst of indignation as might effectually silence the whole company of them.

Merely as one of a group, let us consider, for a moment, the *Century Magazine*. This periodical is edited by two poets—each with three poetical names. It pays a deal of attention to verse. Indeed, if one were seeking for representative magazine poetry in our American periodicals, it would be there that one's first search would have to be made. One of the best and most frequent of the *Century's* corps of contributing poets is Edith M. Thomas. Her name, at least (if not her work), should be familiar to all readers of the thirty-five cent magazines. In the October *Century* she has been awarded the place of highest honour —the frontispiece. She not only has it all to herself, but she has it in many colours!

The editors must think fairly well of her verse, for they have spent three or four hundred dollars on the poem, the picture accompanying it, and the plates and paper and presswork needed to reproduce it.

Let us peruse the poem! It is yclept:

THE URN OF THE YEAR

A little while and all this golden fire
Shall fall in silver ash and be inurned,
And for the flower in vain shall man inquire,
In mystic salvatory undiscerned;
But in the ash will be a living spark,
And from the seed will bloom escape the dark.

Noble as is the structure of the entire verse, we maintain that it is the last line that will appeal most irresistibly to all true lovers of poetry, and this is not alone because it is the last, but because (like some of Gray's most memorable lines) it is so perfectly readjustable. Let us attempt to transpose it a little, thus:

The seed will escape from the dark and bloom—
Bloom will escape from the dark and the seed—
And the seed-bloom will escape from the dark—
And the seed will bloom from the dark (fire?) escape.

If we were asked to name the two most striking merits of this work, we should unhesitatingly say "Clarity and Originality! Clarity in the expression—originality in the underlying idea."

We are, and always have been, insatiable readers, and—like Mr. Gilbert's hero—we are at home in all languages, but we have never before, in all our

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printed peregrinations, met with the inspiring thought that, though the trees may possibly become bare—along about autumn—they will, with the help of a favourable climate, once again burst into bloom in the spring, tra la!

We incline to the opinion that our minor poets are, if anything, overpaid.

Felix Warren Carrollton.

STORIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE: NEW AND OLD

I—The Iron Bed

IN the year 1850, I was journeying on horseback through the southern counties of Indiana, with the intention of making my way to the infant city of Cairo in Illinois. My mission was one of business, for I represented a large firm in Cincinnati which dealt with the small country stores that were scattered among the villages just north of the Ohio River. Railways were infrequent at that time. The first road into Chicago—the Chicago and Galena—was completed in that very year. Here and there a few canals had been commenced; and in some regions there were stage-coach lines. But, on the whole, it was most convenient to bestride a good horse and thus to be independent and able to make one's way more directly through the forests and open plains.

Therefore, I travelled in this primitive fashion, having a good black horse of much speed and endurance. Behind me, a small valise held such necessities as were customary, and also a small stock of ready cash in gold and silver pieces. In 1850, the country had no established banks, and was flooded with the so-called "wildcat currency," which few were willing to take at all, or, if they did take it, they took it only at a preposterous discount. Hence, my employers had provided me with hard coin. For companionship, I had a small Scotch terrier that had been originally christened "Andrew Jackson"—a name which usage had diminished to plain "Jack."

The country through which I passed was still very sparsely settled. Much of it was swampy and has been well described by Dickens in some of the chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There were, however, great stretches of forest, often choked with underbrush, through which even my good horse sometimes found it hard to force his way. Again, where the trees were thinner, I could trot sometimes for an hour or two over a sort of mossy turf. The settlements were far apart and consisted of only a few rough cabins, except when I came upon the county-seat, which generally had a fairly good hotel, some shops, and at least one bank. Most of my days were passed in solitude, broken only by the cries of the wild creatures that inhabited the woods.

Had I not been young and of a cheerful nature, these long rides through the forest would have depressed me; for often the woods were very gloomy, and the tree-tops, meeting overhead, shut out the sun. But as it was, I whistled and sang as I rode along, and amused myself with watching the dashes which Jack made at muskrats and raccoons and other smaller creatures.

I had a rough map of the region, and generally managed so that when nightfall came I should find myself in the vicinity of some small hamlet, where I could obtain shelter and a meal; for the

"Stories of Strange Adventure: New and Old" is a new department of "The Bookman." In it we shall attempt to revive and develop the waifs and strays of tales which have now been practically forgotten, if, indeed, they ever appeared in print.—Editors.

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people were very hospitable and rejoiced to see a stranger who could tell them something of what was happening in the distant world of towns and cities. One night, however, my map failed me. I lost my way, and at sunset I was in a very thick and dusky forest, where I had expected to find a village. As the light faded, there was something almost terrifying in the loneliness about me. I had ridden all day. My horse was weary, and the great shadows that fell seemed to gather me, as it were, into an abyss of blackness.

"Well," said I to Jack, "I suppose that we shall have to make a night of it somewhere in these woods."

Yet I was reluctant to do so and still pushed on, feeling my way very slowly, or rather giving my horse his head, since a good horse by instinct will generally make straight for human habitations. As a matter of fact, at about nine o'clock, as I should judge, he neighed and quickened his pace. Jack also barked. In a moment or two, I saw in the distance a light, very small yet very welcome, for it seemed to come from a candle and to show that I was near some sort of house.

This proved to be the case; for, presently I rode into a rough clearing and saw outlined against the darkness of the woods a rude cabin, which, nevertheless, seemed to have at least an upper and a lower room. The lower room had a window quite unglazed, through which shone the candle-light that I had seen. Riding up to this hovel with as much pleasure as I should now feel on entering a palace, I knocked with my whip at a thick door of logs. There was a sound inside, and presently two heavy bars were drawn and a man appeared carrying the candle, of which the rays fell full upon his face. It was not a pleasant face, but was seamed and scarred in a most remarkable fashion, besides being covered with great red blotches.

"I have lost my way," said I. "Can you give me shelter for the night?"

The man seemed, at first, reluctant. Then I added:

"I will pay you well if you will take me in and if you will give my horse some fodder."

The man responded with a surly grunt. Then he replaced the candle somewhere within, kindled a pine-knot torch, and came out with it flaring brilliantly. Then I saw that there was a sort of shed to which he indicated by a gesture that I should take my horse. I did so, removed the saddle, shook down some green stalks of Indian corn, which were piled there, and then, accompanied by Jack and with my valise under my arm, followed my unwilling host into his hovel.

The place was rough and rude to a degree. It consisted of a great square room with sides of unplaned logs. There was a fireplace on which a few large sticks of wood were smouldering Above it there hung a flint-lock musket and a powder horn, and beside it sat a woman in dingy calico and with a red shawl above her head. The only furniture consisted of a bench, a three-legged stool and a home-made table on which were a number of tin plates. A more cheerless habitation I have never entered. As I came in, the man shut the door behind me and barred it with two heavy bars of oak. Then for the first time, after throwing his torch into the fireplace, he spoke, addressing the old woman.

"Wife," said he, "here's a stranger. He wants to spend the night with us. Get him something to eat."

The old woman dropped her shawl and turned around to look at me. If her husband's face had been repulsive, hers was absolutely ghastly. Her skin was yellow and drawn, so that one could almost see the outlines of her skull beneath. Her coarse grey hair was tumbled sparsely about her forehead. Her eyes were bleared and bloodshot, and yet twinkled with a gleam of cunning. She looked at me for a long time and then her lips parted in a sort of silent laughter that seemed horrible, for her teeth were all broken and blackened, so that her grin was that of a veritable witch.

However, she said nothing and was apparently as silent as her husband; but she arose at once, went into a recess and brought forth several strips of bacon which she proceeded to fry in an iron pan upon the embers. Presently, she emptied the contents of this skillet into one of the tin plates and set it before me on the

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table, together with several lumps of sour, heavy bread.

"There," she said; "set by, stranger."

The dinner would have been quite uneatable had I not fasted since breakfast-time. As it was, I managed to eat a portion of the bacon and a piece of the sour bread, sharing them both with Jack, who sat close to the stool I occupied. Usually, in a strange place, the little dog displayed a lively curiosity, running about and sniffing at everything with perhaps a bark or two and a wagging of the tail. But here he seemed to have been affected by the sinister aspect of the strange pair who entertained us; for he crouched beside me, eating what I gave him, but making not a sound. The old man and the woman sat together on the bench and stared at us. They asked no questions. They said nothing,—quite unlike the frontier people whom I had usually met. Once I detected the woman making a sort of signal to the man, and once I thought he whispered to her. But for the rest, the two were motionless, regarding me as strange animals might have done.

Feeling a certain curiosity, I spoke to them after finishing the meal.

"This is a lonely place of yours," said I. "How far is it to the nearest village?"

The old man gave another grunt, and answered:

"I don't exactly know. I never go there."

"Do you hunt?" said I, looking up at his old-fashioned musket.

"Everybody hunts," he returned, so curtly that I stopped my questioning.

Before long the silence grew oppressive. I was very tired and felt like yawning.

"Can you let me have a bed?" I asked. "And will you bring me a drink of water?"

He picked up a tin pail, unbarred the door and went out into the darkness. He was gone an exceedingly long time. I wondered that he should live so far from any spring, for most of these cabins were built near running water. The minutes passed and still he did not return. I looked at my watch and found that it was past ten o'clock. As I put it back into my pocket, I saw the bleared eyes of the old woman gleam for a moment at the sight of gold. She was examining also, with much curiosity, my valise.

Still the old man did not return. I began to feel uneasy. Then, suddenly, the woman asked:

"You pay us for the night?"

I fancied that the pair had been doubtful on this point, and to this doubt I ascribed their curious manner. Therefore, to reassure her, I drew from my pocket quite a number of gold and silver pieces, and laid upon the table a new and shining silver dollar—an enormous sum for such accommodation as I was going to receive. The old woman gasped as she saw the coins, and licked her lips as she once more grinned her diabolic grin.

"There," said I, "is the money for my lodging. I hope your husband will not be very long in showing me my bed."

At that moment, Jack, who had been crouching on the floor, uttered a low growl, and his rough hair seemed to bristle on his back. His hearing was keener than mine, as it was several minutes before I noticed footsteps coming toward the hut—the footsteps of more than a single person. They proved, indeed, to be the footsteps of three men,—first of all my repulsive-looking host, who carried a pail of water, and second, the steps of two younger men dressed all in deerskin. They were powerful fellows with huge arms and broad chests. Their faces were almost as dark as those of Indians, and each carried at his side a long sharp hunting knife. As I turned to face them, they grunted out a sort of "Howdy," and then took their places on the bench against the wall.

I did not like the appearance of these men nor the mysterious way in which they had come. Evidently the old man had gone to summon them. Still, one gets used to rough faces and rough ways on the frontier, and so I was by no means sure that they were not the sons of the old couple and wholly guiltless of any evil motives. Nevertheless, I felt that I ought to show them that if they were desperadoes, I was not a person to be trifled with. Therefore, under pretence of examining the pockets of my great-coat, I drew out two pistols of the latest make and laid them for a moment on the table while I pretended to search for

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something else. Then I returned them to my pockets in a careless sort of way.

"Come," said the old man, "I'll show you where to sleep."

I had been wondering as to where this place could be; for, although the cabin had an upper story, there seemed to be no means of getting to it from the room below. But the old man took a candle, lighted it from the other, and motioned me to follow him outside the door. There I perceived a stout ladder running up to the second story of the house, which was not directly over the lower room, but projected backward.

"Go up," said the old man.

"No," said I. "You go up first. I have to carry my valise and also my dog, and it will be easier for me to follow you."

He answered nothing but mounted the ladder. At the top there was a door half open, through which he led me into a room. It was absolutely empty, except for a small iron bed which stood in the middle. The old man put down his candle on the floor, and as he turned to descend the ladder, he remarked:

"There's your bed. I'll see you in the morning."

Saying this, he disappeared downward, closing the door behind him as he went. My first thought was to examine this door with the greatest care. When I did so, all my suspicions vanished; for it was provided not only with an iron bolt, but also with two sockets into which there slipped a massive wooden bar.

"Well," said I to myself, "there was no need for being so uneasy. This is the only door to the room. It opens inward and I can bar and bolt it. I don't think my hosts are very handsome in appearance, but they have certainly given me a stronghold—a regular fortress of safety. So, at least I'm sure of a good night's sleep. The window, too, as I see, is barred."

So, with my cheerfulness restored, I began to remove my clothes, piling them of necessity upon the floor. I opened my valise and took out my garments for the night. As for making anything like a toilet, that was, of course, impossible; but my eyes were beginning to feel so heavy with sleep that I cared nothing for such minor matters.

Having thus made ready for a long night's slumber, I put the candle by the bed where I could extinguish it readily, and prepared myself to lie down. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the dog, who had been strangely silent, leaped at me and, gripping my night-dress in his teeth, pulled me away in the direction of the window.

"What is it, Jack?" said I. "Is anything happening outside?"

With my candle I approached the window and looked out. There was nothing visible save the tree-stumps in the rude clearing. Yet, while I stood by the window, the dog was absolutely quiet. Turning around, I once more approached the bed. Instantly, for a second time, the animal sprang upon me and struggled hard to push me back again.

"Oh," said I, "it must be that you don't like the bed."

A second and a third time, I made as if to lie there, and again and again the dog prevented me. This led me to examine the bed quite closely. There was nothing strange about it, except that the frame was all of iron, and an iron-framed bed was a rare thing in a frontier cabin, where every one hews out his furniture from the abundant timber. But that alone was not extraordinary.

"Perhaps," said I, "you're not used to a bed in the middle of the room. Come! I'll push it up against the wall."

So, taking hold of it, I pushed, at first with little force and then with all my strength; but to my surprise it would not move an inch. Then I saw that the forelegs were clamped tightly to the floor. This seemed very odd to me, and I began to have a higher opinion of the cleverness of my dog. Nevertheless, what difference did it make whether a bed was in the middle of a room or at the side? For the last time, I approached it, determined to lie down; when the animal, divining that I was not to be deterred so easily as before, uttered three sharp yelps and leaped upon me. It was as though he were pleading with me not to do what I intended.

"Nonsense!" I called out. "What on earth can be the matter with the bed?"

And to satisfy my canine friend that nothing was amiss, I picked up my valise,

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which was tolerably heavy, and threw it down upon the bed. Instantly, there was heard a grinding sound, the bed began to sink into an opening which yawned in the pine floor; and in half a minute my valise had plunged into a chasm exactly as I should have plunged in, had it not been for Jack's devotion.

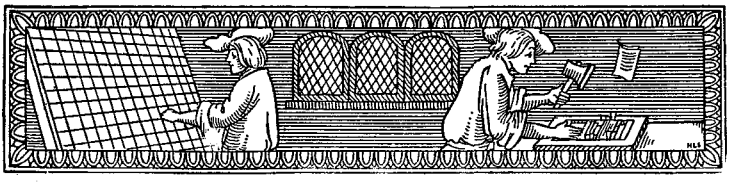
I seized the candle rapidly and held it above the fissure in the floor. Below was a great black pool into which my valise had plashed. As I looked down, lights gleamed on one side of the chasm, and the old man, armed with a bludgeon, and accompanied by the two younger men with drawn knives, rushed to the edge of the black water, while the hag accompanied them holding in her hand a blazing torch. I saw it all in a single flash. Then I rushed to the pile of clothing, hastily slipped on my great-coat, discharged one pistol down into the gulf, and finally, with the utmost speed, unbarred the door, half leaped down the ladder, and ran to the shed where my horse was fastened. I had fortunately left him bridled. In an instant I was on his back and was galloping across the clearing with the brave little terrier bounding along close at the horse's heels.

I had reached the edge of the forest when I saw dark figures emerging from the house. There came a spirt of flame as a bullet whizzed by me. Without stopping, I turned and discharged my other pistol, and then, taking no heed of my direction, I let my horse choose his own path, and galloped swiftly into the sombre forest. It was a long and fearful night of wandering and searching for open country. Toward morning my eyes were delighted by the sight of smoke arising from distant chimneys; and I soon found myself on the outskirts of a hamlet which is now Elizabethtown in Hardin County, Illinois.

I was a strange figure as I galloped up the road. Men and women and children came out to see just what it meant. I gathered some of the men together and told them rapidly of my adventure. They knew the place where I had tried to spend the night, and they had long regarded it with suspicion, although they had no definite proof that anything was wrong there. A party of half a dozen men with rifles afterwards accompanied me through the forest and found the house deserted. A search in the cellar underneath my sleeping-room revealed the presence there of skulls and human bones half buried in the thick black loam. It was obvious that other travellers had met the fate which I had been so lucky as to escape.

I recovered some of the effects which the criminals had not taken, and then we set the cabin on fire and burned it to the ground. And this story explains why, until he died, Jack wore a handsome silver collar.

Walter Mayne.



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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS. By John D. Rockefeller. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

In one of O. Henry's most amusing stories there is narrated an interview between the editor of a country periodical in the South and a typical "hustling" business agent from the North. The Southern editor remarks that he has secured for publication the greatest feature that any editor could hope for.

"What!" exclaims the other. "Have you got the reminiscences of John D. Rockefeller?"

This seemed to his practical mind the most startling and sensational bit of manuscript that the editor could ever get. But this is just where he, and thousands of persons who are not the creations of fiction writers, made a great mistake. It is always safe to assume that a man who has been connected with very important events, political or social or industrial, will not really tell anything about them so long as he or his associates are alive. This is especially true when he has been a storm-centre of violent controversy and wild denunciation. Hence, Bismarck's memoirs fell quite flat, and naturally so. Whatever the great Chancellor may have written to relieve his mind was very certain not to be published by his son. In the two bulky volumes there were just a few piquant passages and nothing else that the world did not already know; and it is much better to read the racy pages of Busch or Von Poschinger, or the narratives in English by Mr. Whitman or Mr. Lowe. Even the recollections of Talleyrand, although their publication was held back for more than fifty years after his death, were so thoroughly expurgated by his heirs as to have only a mild historical value. And so, naturally, Mr. Rockefeller's *Random Reminiscences* are just what a sensible person might have expected—bland, benevolent, evasive and very brief. If you wish to see Mr. Rockefeller in sensational guise, read Demarest, or Miss Tarbell, or Lawson; but do not read what Mr. Rockefeller has himself indited, unless you need a gentle soporific. He tells us how he began to save money, how he helped to pay off a mortgage on a church, how he gave a widow rather more than the value of certain property which she wished to sell; but, of course, he confines his remarks on pipe-lines and rebates to four or five innocuous pages, and he has a good deal to say about the beauty of trusts and the art of giving. The following paragraph may be regarded as sincere, though it is certainly *naïf*, because it seems to imply that Mr. Rockefeller himself has had very little experience with money and the possession of it. The italics are our own.

The mere expenditure of money for things, *so I am told by those who profess to know*, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people most seek cannot be bought with money. These rich men *we read about in the newspapers* cannot get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They cannot gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they cannot purchase a good digestion; they cannot lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule; and in their homes they cannot go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure.

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. Illustrated. Vols. ii and iii. Cambridge: The University Press.

The first volume of this bulky work by Dr. Sandys appeared in 1903 and traced the history of classical scholarship from the sixth century B. C. down to the end of the Middle Ages. The two volumes now before us, which are of considerable disparity in size, continue the story to the present time. We might be tempted to give these latter volumes a long and minute examination here, were it not for the fact that six years ago we criticised the first volume in this magazine, setting forth its general merits and defects. The same merits and the same defects characterise the completion of the work. Dr. Sandys has read enormously and must have a colossal store of notes. He has conscientiously tried to give the subject in outline and also in detail. Such a task requires a sense of proportion which, unfortunately, the author does not possess; or else he has published his book prematurely. Another ten years of meditation and correlation would very likely have prevented this ambitious effort from being conspicuously *rudis indigestaque moles*. It is a pity that Dr. Sandys should have felt bound to preserve so many flies in the amber of his own recollections. The number of comparatively little men whom he sees fit to commemorate get in

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the way of even a mature reader and give a blurred impression of those great figures which ought to stand forth in their full significance. This criticism is particularly applicable to his treatment of English classical scholars. Surely no one but an Englishman would make so much of Scholefield, Blakesley, Lushington, Cope, W. G. Clark, Alexander Grant and a swarm of others of whom it may be said with Juvenal, *quantula sunt hominum corpuscula!* His account of classical scholarship in the United States can scarcely be held to represent anything like first-hand knowledge. We are tempted to say that it was possibly written under the dogmatical direction of Mr. Hicky Morgan. One smiles at the importance given to Professor Greenough as contrasted with the mere casual mention of Professor Gildersleeve. In this closely packed catalogue of names, nearly a page is given to the late Minton Warren who cannot be said to have done anything at all to justify the promise of his early years. The note in small type concerning Dr. Anthon of Columbia fails to mention the interesting fact that his classical books were eagerly reprinted in England, where they revealed to mature Englishmen something of what was being done upon the Continent by the great German philologists. It also contains the incorrect statement that Dr. Anthon, "for the last thirty years of his life, produced one volume *per annum.*" Reverting to foreign scholars, Bücheler receives due honour; but no mention at all is made of his great edition of Petronius. We might extend a list of criticisms such as this for twenty pages or more, did we wish; yet it is scarcely worth one's while. The book has great merit as a work of reference and, at the present time, is the only one of its kind in any language. Some day it will be rewritten, condensed here, and expanded there, until it shall be absolutely indispensable to the student of classical philology.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Dodge Publishing Company:

Thoughts of Comfort from Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

In the Favourite Thought Series. Other volumes in this series are *Thoughts of Friendship* from Ralph Waldo Emerson; and *Some Fruits of Solitude* by William Penn.

Harper and Brothers:

The Human Way. By Louise Collier Willcox.

A series of essays on the possible decoration of life: "The Service of Books"; "Out-of-Doors"; "The Children"; "Friendship"; "Human Relations"; "The Area of the Personality"; "The Hidden Life"; "Solitude"; "Memorat Memoria"; "Detachment."

VERSE

Brentano's:

Pæstum and Other Poems. By Alexander Blair Thaw.

Miscellaneous verse.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Dreaming Back. By Floretta Newbury Crawford.

Miscellaneous verses, including some hitherto unpublished work of the author.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Valkyrie. (Die Walküre.) A Dramatic Poem by Richard Wagner, Freely Translated in Poetic Narrative Form by Oliver Huckel.

The fifth of the Wagner music-dramas to be retold by Dr. Huckel in English verse. It is the second of the fourfold cycle of the "Ring." *The Rheingold,* which appeared last year, gives the opening of this heroic tragedy—the theft of the magic gold. The *Walküre* continues the story with the efforts of Wotan to shield the gods from destruction.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Little Songs for Two. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

Twenty-four short poems and verses, some of which have already appeared in the *Century, Delineator, Appleton's, Metropolitan,* and other magazines.

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Duffield and Company:

Sonnets from the Portuguese. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Recently added to the Rubric Series.

Forbes and Company:

Jane Jones and Some Others. By Ben King. Illustrations by John A. Williams.

Containing forty of Ben King's most popular poems, humorous and serious. Illustrated by sixteen full-page coloured plates.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Blushful South and Hippocrene. By Robert Loveman.

A new collection of verse by the author of *The Rain Song.*

Little, Brown and Company:

A Round of Rimes. By Denis A. McCarthy.

A collection of lyrics by the author of *Voices from Erin.*

From the Book of Life. Poems. By Richard Burton.

Representing the best of Dr. Burton's poetry since the publication of his last book in 1903.

The Macmillan Company:

The Golden Treasury. Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language and Arranged with Notes by Francis T. Palgrave.

A new edition containing the First and Second Series in one volume. The First Series includes only the work of poets not living in 1861, and the Second Series continues the anthology to the present time.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Poems of William Winter. Author's Edition.

A complete and final edition of the poems of William Winter. It sums up all previous collections and adds a number of new poems. There is also a limited large paper edition, each copy being numbered, dated and inscribed by Mr. Winter with the name of the purchaser. It is limited to one hundred and fifty copies.

Privately Printed (Springfield, Ill.):

The Tramp's Excuse and Other Poems. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Giant and the Star. By Madison Cawein.

Little annals in rhyme.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Drake. An English Epic. Books I-XII. By Alfred Noyes.

A narrative poem of the adventures of Sir Francis Drake, especially his voyage around the world and his fight with the Spanish Armada.

ART, DRAMA

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Swinburne's Dramas. Selected and Edited by Arthur Beatty, Ph.D.

Containing "Atalanta in Calydon," "Erechtheus," and "Mary Stuart." With introduction, biography and notes.

Dornröschen. Von Emma Fisher.

A play in four scenes, with songs and music.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

David. By Cale Young Rice.

A poetic drama in four acts.

The Macmillan Company:

The Melting-Pot. Drama in Four Acts. By Israel Zangwill.

The scene is laid in the New York of to-day. The theme is a young Hebrew's conception of America as God's crucible in which the races and classes of mankind are being cleansed of prejudice, hatred and folly, and fused into one purified and noble family.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Art in Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Walter Armstrong.

The first of a series of volumes by different authors covering the entire art history of the world, each book to be written by an authoritative expert on its especial subject. The author of the present volume is director of the National Gallery of Ireland. The volume contains about six hundred text illustrations.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

American Unitarian Association:

Joshua James. Life-Saver. By Sumner I. Kimball.

Volume VI of True American Types Series. It gives the biography of one who spent sixty years of his life in the United States Life-Saving Service.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Life of Mirabeau. By S. G. Tallentyre.

Starting off with the following text, "For among all men, in all history, there

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is surely no personality so dominant and so striking, so grand and so pitiably human, so greatly raised and yet so greatly fallen, as Gabriel-Honoré de Riquetti, Compte de Mirabeau," the author gives a "masterly portrait of one of the most masterly figures in history."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

From My Youth Up. By Margaret Sangster.

A volume of personal reminiscences, giving a record of many of the events of the last half century—through the days of war, of reconstruction, of editorial responsibility, of mingling with the leading literary lights of these most fruitful years.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Religion of a Sensible American. By David Starr Jordan.

In his preface to this little volume Dr. Jordan writes, "The title assigned seemed to shut out the possibility of a personal confession of faith, even were such a confession acceptable. For that reason and for other reasons the writer chose to set forth the religious belief and work of a friend, no longer living; one who could stand without question as a sensible man, and one whose thought and whose life are typical of the best which we may call American."

D. Appleton and Company:

Medical Sociology. A Series of Observations Touching Upon the Sociology of Health and the Relations of Medicine to Society. By James Peter Warbasse, M.D.

Some of the papers in this volume have already been published in the *New York State Journal of Medicine* at the time the author was editor of that journal; others are taken from his addresses given before both medical and non-medical audiences. Part I. includes those chapters dealing with questions of greater interest to the lay reader, and Part II. those dealing with questions having special interest for the medical reader.

The Care and Feeding of Children. A Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses. By L. Emmet Holt, M.D., LL.D.

A new and enlarged edition.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Church and Her Prophets. By Dwight Edwards Marvin.

Dr. Marvin dwells on the strength of the church in all its branches and declares that the opportunities and necessities of the age demand of her aggressiveness and skilled leadership that have not been required since the days of Christ.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Gate Beautiful. By J. R. Miller.

Consisting of twenty brief sermons. Some of the chapter headings which give an idea of the general work are: "The Call to Praise"; "The Desires of Thy Heart"; "Called to be Saints"; "Guarding Our Thoughts"; "Points of Departure"; and "What God Thinks of Us."

The White Plague. Tuberculosis. By Edward O. Otis, M.D.

The author writes for the every-day reader in plain, untechnical terms. He reiterates the statement that consumption can be prevented and can be cured. He gives specific directions for eating, sleeping, breathing, and daily habits and exercise. The book is a concise handbook, describing tuberculosis, its causes and results; telling what is being done in the way of concerted action to control it; and showing how every individual can aid in the work of stamping it out.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Plato. By A. E. Taylor.

Scholasticism. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

Recent additions to the series of Philosophies—Ancient and Modern.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

With Christ in Palestine. By A. T. Schofield, M.D.

Four lectures delivered by Dr. Schofield before a London club in the autumn of 1905. The subjects are: "Bethlehem, or the Birth of Christ"; "Nazareth, or the Life of Christ"; "Capernaum, or the Work of Christ"; "Jerusalem, or the Death of Christ." These lectures were suggested by a visit which Dr. Schofield made to the Holy Land the year previous.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Summing It Up. By Henry Lewis Hubbard.

A treatise on economical, moral and religious conditions of the present time, showing how they have been evolved through the centuries, with suggestions as to how the mistakes can be rectified, and universal happiness and equality assured.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Truth of Christianity. Being an Examination of the More Important Arguments For and Against Believing in that

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Religion. Compiled from Various Sources by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Turton, D.S.O., late Royal Engineers.

A revised and enlarged edition.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Problem of Human Life. As Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time. By Rudolf Eucken. Translated from the German by Williston S. Hough and W. R. Boyce Gibson.

A presentation of the various philosophies of life as they have taken shape in the minds of the Great Thinkers. The book is in three parts: "Hellenism," "Christianity," and the "Modern World," concluding with a suggestive and interesting chapter on the "Present Situation."

Church Unity. Studies of Its Most Important Problems. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt.

The plan of this volume is to give a series of studies of the chief problems of Church unity and an attempt to solve these problems and to reconcile the various parties to the controversies which distract Christendom.

Sherman, French and Company:

Both Sides of the Veil. A Personal Experience. By Anne Manning Robbins.

The author of this volume has been associated with some of the best-known leaders in psychical research and has been for many years one of the inner circle about Mrs. Piper. The book offers clear and consecutive communications, stenographically reported, purporting to come through Mrs. Piper from the spirit of a former mayor and police commissioner of the city of Boston, quite recently deceased.

Small, Maynard and Company:

After Death—What? Spiritistic Phenomena and Their Interpretation. By Cesare Lombroso. Rendered into English by William Sloane Kennedy.

Professor Lombroso surveys the whole field of spiritistic phenomena from their first appearance in savage tribes and early civilised races down to his own and others' latest and most severely scientific laboratory experiments at Turin and Naples. His topics embrace such things as telepathy, clairvoyance, auto-suggestion, mesmerism, premonition, exemplified by concrete cases and stories.

The Tubercle Press Bureau (Chicago, Ill.):

The Renewal of Life. By Thomas Bassett Keyes, M.D.

Arguments for subcutaneous injections of oil in the cure and prevention of senility and disease; for the making of the acme of abundant health, stamina, vigour, vitality and constitution; for the cure of consumption and other diseases, particularly those of a chronic nature.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Chinese. By John Stuart Thomson.

Among the subjects treated by Mr. Thomson in his study of the Chinese people are: Their Antiquity; their Daily Life; their Art and Literature; their Humour and Philosophy; their Politics and International Position; their Religions and Superstitions; the Resources, Scenery and Climate of the Land; their Commerce, Business and Future Possibilities. The volume is illustrated with over seventy photographs of the people and the land and with maps in colour prepared with special reference to the railroad situation, and showing all roads in existence or for which concessions were granted up to June 15, 1909.

The Century Company:

Robert Fulton and the *Clermont*. The Authoritative Story of Robert Fulton's Early Experiments, Persistent Efforts, and Historic Achievements. Containing Many of Fulton's Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Drawings, and Pictures. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe (great-granddaughter of the inventor).

In addition to many of Fulton's hitherto unpublished letters, drawings, and pictures, the volume will have what is said to be the most remarkable collection of illustrations relating to Fulton ever brought together.

Harper and Brothers:

Henry Hudson. A brief statement of his aims and his achievements. By Thomas A. Janvier. To which is added a newly discovered partial record, now first published, of the trial of the mutineers by whom he and others were abandoned to their death.

After giving a brief account of the life of Henry Hudson the author includes in his volume some contemporary Hudson documents which, he writes, have remained neglected for three centuries and which are published here for the first time. The discovery of these is due, Mr. Janvier remarks in his preface, to the painstaking research of Mr. R. G. Marsden, M.A., his own humble share in the matter being to recognise the importance of Mr. Marsden's discovery and to direct the particular search in the Record Office, in London, that has resulted in their present reproduction.

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The Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Last Days of Papal Rome. 1850-1870. By R. De Cesare. Abridged with the Assistance of the Author and Translated by Helen Zimmern. With Introductory Chapter by G. M. Trevelyan.

Miss Zimmern's version of De Cesare's story of the political, ecclesiastical, and social intrigues which filled the Roman stage and hastened the final *dénouement* has been revised by the author himself, and somewhat abbreviated through the omission of passages not likely to be of special interest to English and American readers.

B. W. Huebsch:

India. Impressions and Suggestions. By J. Keir Hardie, M.P.

The author spent two months in India studying the social, political and economic conditions, during which time he contributed a series of letters to the *Labour Leader* describing things as he saw them in his travels. These letters form the basis of the present volume.

The Macmillan Company:

The Picturesque Hudson. By Clifton Johnson.

A new volume in the Picturesque River Series. Mr. Johnson's description of the picturesque Hudson is illustrated throughout from his own photographs.

The New New York. A Commentary on the Place and the People. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

Professor Van Dyke sees, far in the future, the time when New York will be a completed work, a city designed and built on a scale unheard of before. Some glimpse of this new creation will be afforded in Mr. Pennell's sketches, of which there are one hundred and twenty-four, including twenty-six coloured plates.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Bretons at Home. By Frances M. Gostling. With an Introduction by Anatole Le Braz.

The story of a journey through Brittany, giving an account of the people and their life, of their quaint customs and interesting history.

Letters from France and Italy. By Arthur Guthrie.

A series of letters written while on a journey through Paris, Pisa, Rome, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Sienna, and Milan.

The Romance of Northumberland. By A. G. Bradley.

The outcome of several months of leisurely wandering through the most interesting parts of Northumberland. "It is not a guide-book," the author writes, "but aspires to engage the interest of what is known as the armchair-reader, while hoping at the same time to be of some service to the brother wanderer, whether stimulated to such adventure by its contents or his own well-directed inclinations."

The Palisade Press (Edgewater, N. J.):

The Palisades of the Hudson. Their Formation, Tradition, Romance, Historical Association, Natural Wonders and Preservation. By Arthur C. Mack.

Giving an idea of the geological formation, together with an account of the stirring events in which the Palisades played an important part during the Revolution. There is also given a description of the natural life of the Palisades, their trees, flowers, streams, springs, etc.

James Pott and Company:

Tyrol and Its People. By Clive Holland.

A history of Tyrol and its people from the earliest times to the present. A chapter is devoted to some characteristic legends, customs and sports, and others to the various towns and their environs. There are about fifty illustrations, many of which are in colour.

Wanderings in London. Piccadilly, Mayfair and Pall Mall. By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

Mr. Chancellor treats of the old and vanishing London. He takes his readers round the old streets and homes and helps them to know the quaint and interesting people who inhabited them. There are twenty illustrations of these old sites, four of which are in colour.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Fernando Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico. 1485-1547. By Francis Augustus MacNutt.

In the preface the author writes, "I have essayed to portray the personal character of Cortes, as well as the events in which he played the hero's part, and I have sought to present to the consideration of my readers the psychological, racial, and material influences that made the man what he was: the circumstances that developed his latent powers, the motives that directed his actions, and the means he used to achieve his ends."

The Last King of Poland and His Contemporaries. By R. Nisbet Bain.

The present volume aims at "presenting a picture of the social, moral and intellectual condition of Polish society at

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the moment when the Polish State was about to disappear forever from the map of Europe. The narrative will also, it is hoped, go far to explain how it was that Poland, originally the most chivalrous, high-spirited and promising of Republics, had, by the end of the eighteenth century, become a nuisance to her neighbours, and an obstacle to the development of her own people."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Narratives of New Netherland. 1609-1664. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D.

There are twenty narratives, including the first accounts of Hendrik Hudson's voyages, as well as the story of the first settlements in New Netherland from letters and reports and early documents.

Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. By Frank Frost Abbott.

A series of essays and sketches dealing principally with questions of present-day interest and emphasising the fact that human nature was very much the same when Rome was at the height of its power as it is with us to-day.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

A Handbook of Greek Archæology. By Harold North Fowler, Western Reserve University, and James Rignall Wheeler, Columbia University, with the Collaboration of Gorham Phillips Stevens.

The work presents briefly the essential facts of Greek Archæology, and gives a conspectus of the whole field of study, with a short but authoritative treatment of each department. It includes discussions on Prehistoric Art, Architecture, Sculpture, Terra Cottas, Bronzes and Work in Gold and Silver, Coins, Gems, Vases, Painting, and Mosaic.

The Human Body and Health. An Intermediate Text-Book of Essential Physiology, Applied Hygiene, and Practical Sanitation for Schools. By Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D.

The present volume, though more elementary in its treatment than the advanced book in this series, which has already been issued, follows the same plan, and while including a sufficient amount of technical anatomy and physiology, devotes special attention to the subject of personal and public health. It does this in such a way as to appeal to the interest of boys and girls, and fix in their minds the essentials of right living.

Ginn and Company:

English Literature. Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English-Speaking World. A Text-Book for Schools. By William J. Long, Ph.D. (Heidelberg).

Tracing the history of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to the close of the Victorian Age. One of the chief aims of the book is "to encourage in every student the desire to read the best books, and to know literature itself rather than what has been written about literature."

Harper and Brothers:

Boy Life. Stories and Readings Selected from the Works of William Dean Howells and Arranged for Supplementary Reading in Elementary Schools by Percival Chubb, Director of English in the Ethical Culture School, New York.

This is the first volume in Harper's Modern Series of Supplementary Readers for the Elementary Schools.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

A Student's History of American Literature. By William Edward Simons, Ph.D.

The following extract from the preface of the book will show to some extent the author's aim: "Believing most emphatically that a course in the history of our literature should in no degree supplant the study of its masterpieces, but contribute rather to the enjoyment and correct appreciation of them, he has sought not only to interest his readers in the personal narratives of men and women who have created our literature—and are still creating it—but, through the suggestions for study or reading, also to encourage actual acquaintance with the works that compose that literature."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Manners and Customs of Uncivilized Peoples. By Charles Morris.

Being Book II. in a series entitled Home Life in All Lands. The text is supplemented by over one hundred illustrations.

The Macmillan Company:

An Outline History of the Roman Empire. By William Stearns Davis, Ph.D.

Written to meet a need that the author believes exists in many college mediæval history classes. He writes, "Experience in my own teaching work convinces me that to understand the Middle Ages it is necessary to know something of the progress and fall of that great Empire whence feudal Europe issued, and no compact and practical sketch, suitable for the study of

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the average student, has come to hand. Hence the present outline history." The narrative is carried on from 44 B.C to 378 A.D.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Half a Chance. By Frederic S. Isham.

The story of a man who, wrongfully convicted of a crime in England, is being transported to Australia. A shipwreck saves him from a convict's life in that distant land, but he finds himself the sole inhabitant of a desert island. The only piece of the ship's cargo which is washed up on the same island is a large box of books. The man spends several years on this island, during which time the books are his constant companions. The knowledge thus gained and the life of solitude which he is forced to lead bring out the good in the man's nature. Some years later he returns to England and becomes very successful as a criminal lawyer. He also proves his own innocence.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Into the Night. By Frances Nimmo Greene.

The plot of this romance is based on an event which took place in New Orleans a few years ago when a mass-meeting of citizens took the law into their own hands and lynched ringleaders of the Mafia concerned in the death of their Chief of Police.

The Journal of a Recluse. Translated from the Original French.

Neither the author's nor the translator's name is appended to this work. The translator states that the book is a literary "find," made out on the Pacific Coast.

Romantic Legends of Spain. By Gustavo Adolfo Becquer. Translated by Cornelia Frances Bates and Katharine Lee Bates.

An English version of Becquer's short stories, glowing romances, and mystic legends.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Everybody's Secret. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.

A story of English life in which the hero, Toby Quarrendon, is a wealthy young man who, under all circumstances, makes it a point to think the best of his fellow-men.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Truxton King. A Story of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Although Princess Yetive and her American husband lost their lives in a railroad accident some years before the opening of the present story, their little son, Prince Robin, now rules over Graustark. The hero in the new Graustark story is an American named Truxton King, who had traveled all over the world in search of adventure and romance. He appears in Graustark and soon becomes a serious element in the plot. One day while passing the palace grounds he sees a small boy trying to catch some gold-fish, and immediately jumps over the wall and offers his assistance. Thus, while helping the little prince, he makes the acquaintance of the child's aunt, who is the beautiful heroine of the story. This is the beginning of an exciting time for the young man, and he is shortly drawn into the political affairs of the kingdom. He encounters many plots and intrigues, risks his life for the girl he adores, and defeats the scheming old Count Marlanx, who plots to overthrow the present rulers of Graustark and place himself on the throne.

The Faith of His Fathers. A Story of Some Idealists. By A. E. Jacomb.

A story which won the first prize of two hundred and fifty guineas offered by an English publisher for the best story by authors whose novels had never before been published. One hundred and fifty-five novels were entered in the competition, and the judges were three of the most eminent literary critics in England—Andrew Lang, W. L. Courtney, and Clement Shorter.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Reaping. By E. F. Benson.

Mr. Benson has told his story in the form of twelve essays, each one taking for its heading one of the months of the year. He starts with the flowery month of June and rambles on through each succeeding season, and in various countries, until May of the following year.

The Golden Season. By Myra Kelly.

Eleven short stories relating the episodes of Elizabeth Alvord and her chum in a co-educational college.

Warrior the Untamed. The story of an Imaginative Press Agent. By Will Irwin.

The press agent of Paradise Park hits upon a novel plan which he feels sure will draw a crowd. He advertises that there will be "A Lion Balloon Ascension and Parachute Jump." Although it was not his intention to allow Warrior, the old lion, to ascend, having planned for a police interference, the police fail to appear at the right moment, and rather than face the anger of a disappointed crowd the ascension is made. When the parachute returns to earth the frightened animal lands in a

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woman's flower-bed, from which he is promptly and unceremoniously ejected and returned to his keepers. The event made Paradise Park famous.

The Southerner. Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth.

Nicholas Worth is the son of a wealthy Southern family. After going through a Military Academy and also a Methodist College the young man is sent to Harvard. It is with the years and the events after his return from college that the story is chiefly concerned. He sets forth the struggle to upbuild the South in the years immediately following the Civil War.

Duffield and Company:

On the Lightship. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

A collection of ten short stories which remained unpublished at the time of the author's death. Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has written an introduction for this new volume.

Treasure Trove. By C. A. Dawson Scott.

The search for a stolen package of valuable jewels forms the basis of this exciting tale. A burglar, frightened away before he was able to gather his spoils from the house he had entered for the purpose of robbing, neglects to take with him the package of jewels which he had stolen elsewhere and which, upon entering the house, he had hidden for safekeeping.

The Stolen Signet. By Frederick M. Smith.

The plot of the story is based on the search for a ring stolen from the hand of a man who had been murdered in Algiers. A party of tourists make a trip to Algiers, and among their number is a young American girl who is greatly interested in collecting odd pieces of jewelry. On the steamer she meets a young man who finds her a very charming companion, and when they reach Algiers they make a tour of the shops together in search of rare gems. Here the girl sees a signet ring which she takes a fancy to and immediately makes a purchase. As it is too large for her she requests her companion to wear it. The ring is seen on the man's hand by some Moors, and this leads to suspicion and many adventurous experiences and narrow escapes.

Harper and Brothers:

The Moccasin Ranch. A Story of Dakota. By Hamlin Garland.

The author goes to that West of the Dakotas, the country of his earlier novels, for the scene of *The Moccasin Ranch.* He takes a man who has made a failure back in Illinois and his young wife out on the prairie trail and sets them to make a home in a fresh pine cabin, in a lonely country of open skies and mighty winds, far away from civilisation.

Henry Holt and Company:

Melchisedec. By Ramsey Benson.

The scene of the story is laid in the Great Northwest. The principal character is a quarter-blood Indian, who spent his early years wandering from one lumber camp to another. He has very strong religious convictions, and when he conceives the idea that it is his mission in life to set before the Christian church the method whereby it is to save the whole world he allows nothing to stand in the way of the fulfilment of his self-appointed task.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Oath of Allegiance and Other Stories. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Containing eleven short stories.

Laird and Lee.

Café Cackle. From Dumps to Delmonico's. By Clivette (The Man in Black).

These are supposed to be stories heard in cafés and hotel dining-rooms from the Atlantic to the Pacific. For these the author has drawn one hundred and forty pen sketches.

Little, Brown and Company:

Veronica Playfair. By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

The setting of Mrs. Goodwin's new story is the England of the eighteenth century. The heroine is a sweet and beautiful girl and the belle of the day at Bath. Some of the famous personages introduced in the story are Swift, Pope, Lady Mary Montagu, Lord Bolingbroke, Beau Nash, and Benjamin Franklin.

The Land of Long Ago. By Eliza Calvert Hall.

Nine short stories told by "Aunt Jane" and dealing with episodes of her early life in Old Kentucky.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

A Maid and a Man. By Ethel Smith Dorrance.

In a series of "talks and letters" the author tells the story of a young girl who, while deciding what answer to make to a man whom she greatly admires and who wants her to marry him, accepts the attentions of another man

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of a vastly different type, but whom she nevertheless finds pleasant company.

The Trimming of Goosie. By James Hopper.

The story is allegorical in character. Goosie is an adoring young husband who, nevertheless, as many adoring young husbands have done before him, "grows wings" and flies away. Then begins the trimming. His charming little wife takes counsel of an older head. In the end Goosie is trimmed very thoroughly indeed.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Big Brother of Sabin Street. By I. T. Thurston.

Continuing the story of Theodore Bryan, *The Bishop's Shadow*. The new book gives an account of Theodore's work among street boys.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

College Years. By Ralph D. Paine.

Eleven short stories of life at Yale.

Forty Minutes Late and Other Stories. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Nine short stories of adventure, humour and sentiment, with the scenes laid in New England, Venice, France, and Holland.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades. By Joel Chandler Harris.

A tale of the Civil War. One of the characters, Billy Sanders, tells the story of how he and his friend, Wimberly Driscoll, rode out to join General Forrest and how they crossed the trail of a Union spy who posed as a royal Southerner.

The State Company (Columbia, S. C.):

One of the Grayjackets. By E. C. McCants.

Seven short stories, the first of which gives title to the volume.

A. Wessels:

Under the Northern Lights. By Mrs. J. Carlton Ward.

Eleanor Rayner makes a trip to Alaska with her father, and while there falls in love with Jack Churchill, a mining engineer in the employ of Mr. Rayner. The young man refrains from declaring his love for some time, and when he does make it known he also has to make the confession that he is a married man. His wife, whom he has not seen for a number of years, is insane. Feeling that it would be impossible for him to go on with his work in Alaska under these conditions Churchill joins an expedition into the arctic region. Several years later, after announcement has been made of the death of his wife, Churchill makes his appearance in New York, where he and Eleanor are again brought together.

JUVENILE

The Century Company:

The Boys' Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Helen Nicolay.

A story of the life and battles of one of the heroic figures in American history.

From Sioux to Susan. By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

A picture of the home life of a minister and his happy family. The heroine is big Sister Sue, who, through persistent effort, overcomes her faults and develops into a very lovable young woman.

The Lass of the Silver Sword. By Mary Constance Du Bois.

A tale of camp life in the Adirondacks.

A Son of the Desert. By Bradley Gilman.

The hero of this Egyptian story is the son of a Bedouin sheik. He is befriended by a young American boy travelling for his health; and when the American falls into serious peril the young Bedouin proves his nobility and courage.

Captain Chub. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The fourth of Mr. Barbour's stories in which Tom and Dick and Harriet and Roy are the entertaining characters. In the present volume the boys rent a house-boat for the summer and, with Harriet and her father as guests, cruise up and down the Hudson, stopping on shore for all sorts of adventures.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

My Father's Business. A Series of Sermons to Children. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

These sermons to children were preached over a period of ten years. The first one was originally preached in May, 1900; and on each succeeding May another has been added, following such suggestive titles as: "My Father's Business"; "How to Grow"; "The Duty of Asking Questions"; "The Beauty of Obedience," and "Honesty."

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Dorothy Brooke's School Days. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

At the age of fifteen Dorothy enters a boarding-school, where her strong personality wins for her a large circle of friends and also a few enemies.

When America Won Liberty. Patriots and Royalists. By Tudor Jenks.

A companion volume to the author's *When America Was New*. It continues that narrative through the Revolutionary War and leaves a new nation facing its unknown destiny. It is written primarily for young people and deals in a picturesque way with home life and the manners and customs of the colonists.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Story of King Arthur. From Malory's *Morte Darthur*. By Mary MacLeod.

Concerned mainly with the story of King Arthur, with which to some extent is interwoven that of Sir Lancelot of the Lake—"the noblest Knight of the world."

Basil the Page. By G. I. Whitman.

A boys' story of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Stories Children Love. Selected and Edited by Charles Welsh.

A collection of stories arranged for children and young people of various ages.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Book of Famous Sieges. By Tudor Jenks.

The twenty different sieges which the author has included in this volume have, he states, "been selected as types of the rest, and show clearly the various methods of taking cities from the beginning of history to our own times."

Harper and Brothers:

Boys on the Railroad. By Molly Elliot Seawell, James Barnes, Ellen Douglas Deland, John R. Coryell, E. Carruth, and Others.

A new volume in the Harper's Young People Series. It consists of thirteen short stories of adventurous life on the railroad that all boys love.

The Boyhood of Christ. By Lew Wallace.

The story is told by "Uncle Midas" to the children who gather about him asking questions. In his preface General Wallace says, "I wrote it to fix an impression definitely in my mind that the Jesus Christ in whom I believe was, in all the stages of His life, a human being. His divinity was the Spirit within Him, and the Spirit was God."

The Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.

A notable feature of this edition is the series of illustrations by Mr. E. Boyd Smith, who is known as an animal illustrator of high rank. There are twelve full-page pictures printed in colour and twenty-nine chapter-headings in pen and ink.

Little, Brown and Company:

Janet at Odds. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The fifth of the Sidney Books. Here several of Miss Ray's favourite characters reappear, including Janet Leslie, Day Argyle and her brother Rob, now a jovial Harvard student; Sidney Stayre, and Jack Blanchard, the former Pullman car conductor. The new book tells how Janet conducted a boarding-house for her friends during a summer in Quebec, and had her trials in trying to make a pleasant house-party of it.

Boys and Girls of Seventy-seven. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

The fourth volume of the popular Old Deerfield Series. It is a story of the Revolutionary War, more especially of the events culminating in the surrender of Burgoyne, as reflected in the lives of the farming folk of northwestern Massachusetts.

Story Land. By Clara Murray.

The fourth book in the Playtime Series. Consisting of stories that will be of interest to the boy and girl of eight or nine. There are fifty-three illustrations from original drawings, including four coloured plates.

The Wide Awake Girls in Winsted. By Katharine Ruth Ellis.

The second volume in The Wide Awake Girls Series. The four girls who made such a jolly quartette in the previous book are brought together at Catherine's home in Winsted. The story deals in the main with the establishment of a library which the four and their boy and girl friends take in hand.

Manuel in Mexico.

Umé San in Japan.

Kathleen in Ireland.

Rafael in Italy.

By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple.

Four volumes in a new series of illustrated books on child life in all parts

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of the world, written in a style intelligible to children from nine to thirteen years. The title of the series is Little People Everywhere. Each volume contains a coloured frontispiece and eight full-page pictures in black and white.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The School Four. By Albertus T. Dudley.

The first volume of Stories of the Triangular League. The events of the story centre in the Westcott School, one of three which have formed a new league. The leading forms of athletics, including rowing, figure in the gaining of points toward a championship cup, and the rivalry is most intense.

Dorothy Brown. By Nina Rhoades.

A story of school life. It introduces the heroine in New York as a little girl of eight, but soon passes over six years and finds her at a select family boarding-school in Connecticut.

The Lookout Island Campers. By Warren L. Eldred.

A story of a group of active boys about fifteen years of age, told by one of their number. The boys secure funds for an outing during their summer vacation, and, under the care of the principal of their school and his friend, an athletic young doctor, they go into camp on an island within easy distance of a lively summer resort.

Prue at School. By Amy Brooks.

The second volume of The Prue Books. Here little Prue appears as a very great favourite at the district school.

The Little Heroine at School. By Alice Turner Curtis.

The second volume of Little Heroine Series. Edith Austin, the "Little Heroine of Illinois," is sent to a girls' school in the suburbs of Boston, where she enjoys all the good times, learns many valuable lessons, and makes a host of friends.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Billy To-Morrow. By Sarah Pratt Carr.

The scene of this boys' story is laid in San Francisco shortly after the fire.

"Chet." By Katherine M. Yates.

Chet is a good-natured, fun-loving boy, who learns not a few lessons from a girl companion. The girl's experiences while travelling, which she describes to Chet in a number of letters, add to the humour of the story.

The Child You Used to Be. By Leonora Pease.

Depicting the child's experiences during the playtime of its life. With twelve pictures by Lucy Fitch Perkins.

A Boy's Ride. By Gulielma Zollinger.

A boys' story of adventure with the scene laid in England in the time of King John.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Pleasant Day Diversions. By Carolyn Wells.

A companion volume to Miss Wells's *Rainy Day Diversions,* published last autumn. There are diversions for each month of the year, instructions for making many gifts, suggestions for various kinds of entertainment, a number of games, a musical farce, and an opera.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Jester's Sword. How Aldebaran, the King's Son, Wore the Sheathed Sword of Conquest. By Annie Fellows Johnson.

Of all the King's sons Aldebaran was deemed the most fit, according to the soothsayers, to wield the Sword of Conquest, and when grown to manhood he starts out in the world to conquer all before him. But in the midst of his glory he is hurt and becomes a cripple. Thereupon he grows despondent and refuses to return to his home. A jester comes his way and advises him to give up what is left of his life to the amusement of others. Thus his mission in life, as indicated by the star for which he had been named, is fulfilled: "Beggared of joy himself, yet flashing its reflection athwart the lives of others."

Captain Jinks. The Autobiography of a Shetland Pony. By Frances Hodges White.

Captain Jinks, a little Shetland pony, in the Southern Wisconsin Valley, tells the story of his life as lived at the home of Uncle Toby and in company with the two children, Boo and Buntie, the pet dog Billy, and his two fellow-ponies, Razzle and Dazzle.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Boys' Catlin. My Life Among the Indians. By George Catlin. Edited with Biographical Sketch by Mary Gay Humphreys.

The most interesting parts of Catlin's famous book on the habits and customs in war and peace of the North American Indians have been arranged for boy readers. The book is illustrated with reproductions of the author's drawings.

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Frederick A. Stokes Company:

School-Children the World Over. With Stories and Descriptions. By Lucy Dunton.

These pictures, of which there are thirty-six, with their accompanying descriptions, show the great differences of customs, faces, costumes, and school conditions all over the world.

Winning Their Way. Boys Who Learned Self-Help. By John T. Faris.

Being stories of the lives of forty-eight prominent men, including inventors, scientists, explorers, industrial leaders, statesmen, authors, and religious workers. Some of these men are still living.

The Boys and Girls of the White House. By Agnes Carr Sage.

Accounts of the children who have lived in the White House, telling what they did for fun and work and giving intimate and humorous anecdotes about them. Portraits of the different families illustrate the book.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

Americans. An Impression. By Alexander Francis.

In his preface Mr. Francis writes: "The earlier chapters of this book were written in America, the later ones in England; and all were revised by me in Russia, where I was able to regard the two English-speaking nations with greater detachment than was, perhaps, possible either in the country which is my own or in the country which is my theme, and to compare Democracy, as it is exemplified in England and America, with Autocracy, which finds its most notable modern instance in the Empire of the Czar."

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Fore! The Call of the Links. By W. Hastings Webling.

Bright and witty rhymes about golf and golfing. Illustrated. The volume is dedicated "To Golfers All."

The Century Company:

One Hundred Country Houses. Modern American Examples. By Aymar Embury II.

The author, who is an architect of repute, writes of the new American architecture, explaining its many sources and grouping the development of American home-building under the following headings: "New England Colonial," "Southern Colonial," "Dutch Colonial," "Classic Revival," "Spanish or Mission," "Art Nouveau," "American Farmhouse," "Elizabethan," "Modern English," "Italian," and "Japanesque." One hundred of the best and most interesting types of modern country homes in different parts of the country are shown in the illustrations.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Idylls of the King. A Spiritual Interpretation. By Walter Spence.

Twelve stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Christmas Builders. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

A Christmas sermon—a vigorous protest against the present-day spirit, which seeks to burden this holiday under a constantly increasing mass of care and commercialism; and a plea for a return of the old-time ideals and spirit.

Go Forward. By J. R. Miller.

A plea for progress and an incentive to renewed effort, which the author believes to be at the bottom of all true manhood. The lesson is taken from the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert.

Waverley Synopses. A Guide to the Plots and Characters of Scott's Waverley Novels. By J. Walker McSpadden.

The Table of Contents gives the name of every story, its location, date of authorship, date of publication, and series title. The various novels and stories are next considered in their regular chronological order. The plot of each is told in clear, succinct story-telling form, and a list of characters given. A full index of characters concludes the volume.

The Young Man's Affairs. By Charles Reynolds Brown.

A series of friendly chats on subjects of deep interest to the young man. There are chapters on "His Main Purpose"; "His Intimates"; "Books"; "Money"; "Recreations"; "Wife"; and "Church."

Why Grow Old? By Orison Swett Marden.

Originally contributed as an editorial to *Success* magazine.

What They Did With Themselves. By Ernest Hamlin Abbott.

Lenten meditations upon the occupation of various people who were in-

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timately concerned with the betrayal and death of Christ.

The Master's Friendships. By J. R. Miller.

The author discusses an interesting human phase of Jesus' earthly life in a thoughtful way.

Until the Evening. By Arthur C. Benson.

A series of papers rich in thought and poetry of language.

Homespun Religion. By Elmer Ellsworth Higley, D.D.

A series of practical "five-minute" talks on right living—the religion of the every day and the fireside.

Five new volumes recently added to the What Is Worth While Series.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Fun and Philosophy From the Younger American Humourists. Compiled by Wallace Rice.

In the Gaiety of Nations Series. Being extracts from the writings of such men as George Ade, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry Martyn Blossom, Jr., "Mark Twain," Eugene Field, Bret Harte, George H. Lorimer, "Bill Nye," and others.

Salt and Sincerity. From *Letters to Belinda.* By Arthur L. Humphreys ("Arthur Pendenys").

Among the fifty odd subjects upon which the author briefly touches in this volume are included "Conversation," "How to Be Happy," "Society," "Popular Women," "Humour in Women," "Life's Little Difficulties," etc.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Men, the Workers. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

The editors, Anne Withington and Caroline Stallbohm, have grouped in this volume twelve articles and addresses by Henry Demarest Lloyd with the idea of showing, as comprehensively as possible, Mr. Lloyd's attitude toward the Labour Movement in the various concrete forms in which it presented itself to him. Among the selections are: "The Safety of the Future Lies in Organised Labour"; "Arbitration"; "Boomerang Law," and "Lessons of the Debs Case."

Duffield and Company:

Etiquette for Americans. By A Woman of Fashion.

This new edition contains illustrations showing the proper way of costuming housemaids, nurses, etc., the setting of tables, etc., etc.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. By Arthur Symons.

In the brief outline of his work which Mr. Symons gives in the preface he writes: "I have set limits to my plan. The year 1800 is taken as a sort of centre; or shall I say a barrier, which shuts out every writer of verse who was born after that year, and lets through every one who survived from the eighteenth into the nineteenth century. My plan allows me no choice between good or bad writers in verse: I give each his due consideration, his due space, of a few lines or of many pages. And I have given each in chronological order, with the dates of his birth and death and of the first edition of his published volumes of verse."

Government Printing House:

Report on the Progress and Condition of the U. S. National Museum for the Year Ending June 30, 1908.

Showing the present condition of the Smithsonian Institution and giving an account of the work accomplished in its various departments during the year ending June 30, 1908.

Hardwood Record (Chicago, Ill.):

Oak Flooring. By Henry H. Gibson.

Being an outline of correct methods of manufacturing, handling, laying and finishing. With an analysis of widths, thickness, and grades.

Harper and Brothers:

The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray. Compiled by Mrs. Charles Mason Fairbanks.

Being selections from the works and correspondence of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Henry Holt and Company:

Chinese Immigration. By Mary Roberts Coolidge, Ph.D.

Beginning with the days when the aliens were welcomed as a helpful solution of the labour problem of the Pacific Coast, the author traces the many phases of personal hostility they have since encountered, and the legislation, State and National, that has been framed respecting them. The subject is treated under the headings "Free Immigration, 1848-1882; Restriction and Exclusion"; and "Competition and Assimilation."

Hellas and Hesperia; or the Vitality of Greek Studies in America. By Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve.

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Three lectures delivered on the Barbour-Page Foundation before the University of Virginia by the Francis White Professor of Greek in the Johns Hopkins University. The subjects of the lectures are: "The Channels of Life"; "Greek Language and Literature," and "Americanism and Hellenism."

The Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The New Golfer's Almanac. Carefully compiled and computed on an ingenious astronomical basis for the year 1910, A.D., and containing a calendar and reliable weather predictions for every month, besides an entertaining miscellany of golfing literature and information, hitherto (probably) unassembled in a single book. Made up by W. L. Stoddard, with sundry pictures by A. W. Bartlett.

This little book aims to do for the golfer what the celebrated Old Farmer's Almanac does for the agriculturist—that is, to present him not only with a mass of useful information, but with considerable entertaining and instructive reading.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Autocrat and His Fellow-Boarders. By Samuel McChord Crothers. With Selected Poems.

Another volume in the Centennial Series of Little Books about Great Men, which has already included Charles Eliot Norton's *Longfellow* and Bliss Perry's *Whittier*. Besides giving a brief biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the volume offers a small group of selected poems showing the man at his characteristic best.

Adrift on an Ice-Pan. By Wilfred Thomason Grenfell.

In which Dr. Grenfell gives an account of his wonderful escape from what seemed like certain death off the coast of Labrador. The volume contains a brief biographical sketch of Dr. Grenfell written by Clarence John Blake. This tells something of the work Dr. Grenfell started eighteen years ago, when he went to the Labrador coast, where he represents the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, which not only brings help and comfort to the people of that desolate land, but cares for their sick and injured.

Letters, Lectures, and Addresses of Charles Edward Garman. A Memorial Volume. Prepared with the Co-operation of the Class of 1884, Amherst College. By Eliza Miner Garman.

In Part I the articles are grouped under the headings "Papers, Aims, and Methods"; "Nature and Spirit"; "The Principles of Living"; "The Political and Social Order"; and "Social Progress." Part II contains "Miscellaneous Papers and Addresses on Education and Life." Many of his letters appear in Part III.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year-Book. 5670. September 16, 1909, to October 3, 1910. Edited by Herbert Friedenwald.

Perpared for the purpose of recording and preserving in convenient form facts of importance to the Jewish people of America.

Library of Congress:

Want List of Periodicals.

Want List of Publications of Societies.

New editions.

Laird and Lee:

Webster's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Based on the Original Webster and Other Eminent Authorities. Compiled by E. T. Roe, LL.B., with the Assistance of Prominent Specialists.

This new edition furnishes a supplement containing a number of new words and definitions that have recently come into use in connection with the latest discoveries and inventions in the arts and sciences.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume IX, covering the period from 1853 to 1855.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Arts of Japan. By Edward Dillon, M.A.

Illuminated Manuscripts. By John W. Bradley.

Being the latest additions to the series known as Little Books of Art, edited by Cyril Davenport. Each volume contains about forty illustrations. The four volumes previously issued are *Jewelry, Enamels, Miniatures,* and *Bookplates.*

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Marriage as a Trade. By Cicely Hamilton.

An arraignment of the social system which seems to deny women any real career in life other than marriage, and which seems to degrade marriage to the plane of a means of livelihood.

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Parenthood and Race Culture. An Outline of Eugenics. By Caleb Williams Saleeby.

Regarding the general principles of race-culture or eugenics. The subject is treated in two parts: The Theory of Eugenics and The Practice of Eugenics. The author assumes that there is no wealth but life, that the culture of the racial life is the vital industry of any people, that conditions of parenthood, and especially as regards its quality rather than its quantity, are the dominant factors that determine the destiny of nations.

The Light Beyond the Shadows. By Hope Lawrence. With a Foreword by the Right Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D., LL.D.

A message of comfort to those who suffer. The paper was written, Dr. Hall states, without the least idea of publication, to be read at the annual conference of a society of devout women, several of whose members were invalids; that it is printed in deference to the wish of many who desire to circulate it more widely.

The Outing Publishing Company:

A Guide to the Country Home. By Edward Kneeland Parkinson.

A volume of special interest to those starting a rural life. After devoting a chapter to suggestions for seeking a home in the country the author gives advice on many subjects, including "Tools, Their Cost and Use"; "What Shall We Raise?" "Cows, Their Cost and Care"; "Crops and How to Plant Them"; "The Kitchen Garden," etc.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Kindergarten in the Home. By Carrie S. Newman.

A book for parents and for all interested in child-training.

Privately Printed:

The Adoption and Other Sketches, Poems, and Plays. By Harry Lorenzo Chapin, M.D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. Edited, with Prefatory Dedication, by Robert Ross.

Second edition with additional matter. Mr. Robert Ross, the poet's literary executor, has included in this new edition of *De Profundis* a large amount of material not contained in previous editions of the book. This new material is made up in part of letters written from Reading Gaol, which illustrate Wilde's varying moods in prison. It includes also the two remarkable contributions to the *Daily Chronicle* on the subject of prison life.

The Conquest of the Isthmus. By Hugh C. Weir.

Concerning the men who are building the Panama Canal—their daily lives, perils, and adventures. "Also," the author writes, "as the history of the Canal is not confined to the present, I have endeavoured to gather something of the romance of its past and to add to the daring deeds of the twentieth century the achievements of other centuries that have contributed their part to the progress of to-day and the victory of to-morrow."

The Republican Publishing Company:

Old Miami. The Yale of the Early West. By Alfred H. Upham.

Reminiscences and traditions of the Miami University, established one hundred years ago in the Ohio Valley. There are chapters on "Pioneer Days"; "Literary Halls"; "Greek Meets Greek"; "'Female Institutions'"; "Historic Pranks"; "'War!!!'"; and "Reconstruction."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Songs for the Chapel. Edited by Charles H. Morse, Mus. Bac., Director of Music in Dartmouth College, and Ambrose White Vernon, D.D., Pastor of the Harvard Church, Brookline. With an Introduction by William Jewett Tucker, D.D., President of Dartmouth College.

Arranged for male voices. To be used in colleges, academies, schools and societies.

The Grizzly Bear. The Narrative of a Hunter-Naturalist. Historical, Scientific, and Adventurous. By William H. Wright.

Mr. Wright here gives the result of his twenty-five years' observation of the grizzly bear. He has divided his subject into three parts: I, Historical; II, My Experiences and Adventures; III, Character and Habits of the Grizzly. The volume contains twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs.

The Tenny Press (New York):

Was Shakespeare a Gentleman? By Samuel A. Tannenbaum.

A study in regard to some questions in Shakespeare biography.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Title Market. Post. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jeanne of the Marshes. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Keziah Coffin. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Picturesque Hudson. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. England and the English Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Parenthood and Race Culture. Saleeby. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.50.
4. Sicily. Monroe. (Page.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. For the Stars and Stripes. Tomlinson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anonymous. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Music. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Faith of Our Fathers. Gibbons. (Murphy.) 50 cents.
4. Beauties of Friendship. Woolford. (Woolford & Goldsmith.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Billy Whiskers' Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Life of Mirabeau. Tallentyre. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
4. Peter and Susan Lesley. (Putnam.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Self-Control. DuBois. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
2. With Kit Carson in the Rockies. McNeil. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Boys and Girls of Seventy-seven. Smith. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Homesteaders. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Tomorrow. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Chet. Yates. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Billy Whiskers' Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) $1.00.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.
3. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Bill Toppers. Castaigne. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Function of Religion. Foster. (University of Chicago Press.) $1.00.
3. The Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Self-Control. DuBois. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Wisdom and Destiny. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.75.

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JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Shelley. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Jonathan and David. Phelps. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. The Friendly Stars. Marden. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Box Furniture. Brigham. (Century Co.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Tomorrow. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Boys on the Railroad. Sewell. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. The Silver Canoe. Hunting. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Marriage à la mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Collected Verses. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
2. Beauties of Friendship. Woolford. (Woolford & Goldsmith.) 50 cents.
3. Right and Wrong Thinking. Crane. (Lothrop.) $1.40.
4. Health and Happiness. Fallon. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

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2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Woman for Mayor. Winslow. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Prince of Peace. Bryan. (Reilly & Britton.) 25 cents.
2. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Woman's Home Cook Book. Curtis. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.
4. Heart Throbs. Chappel. (Chappel.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Airship Boys. Slayer. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Elsie Dinsmore. Finlay. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. What Is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Heretics. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Romances of the French Revolution. Le Notre. (Brentano.) $6.00.

Juveniles

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Robert Fulton and the Clermont. Sutcliffe. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Apostle of Alaska. Arctander. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. Abbott. (Scribner.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Motor-Boat Club on Long Island. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.
3. Flying Plover. Roberts. (Page.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Fiction

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Pillars of Eden. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Last Woman. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Coming Science. Carrington. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Art and Science of Advertising. French. (Sherman, French.) $2.00.
3. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. What is Physical Life. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Picturesque Hudson. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Lincoln Conscript. Green. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. On the Gridiron. (Harper.) 60 cents.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. America and the Far Eastern Question. Millard. (Moffat, Yard.) $4.00.
3. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Conquest of the Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Henry Hudson. Janvier. (Harper.) 75 cents.
2. Autobiography of Nathaniel S. Shaler. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $4.00.
3. Roger Williams. Carpenter. (Grafton.) $2.00.
4. Holmes. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Grimm's Fairy Tales. Mabie. (Stern.) $1.50.
3. Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.

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3. Robert Fulton and the Clermont. Sutcliffe. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Cross in Christian Experience. Clow. (Doran.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Boy With the U. S. Survey. Wheeler. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Dainty in the Country. Brooks. (Lothrop.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His Way to West Point. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Making the Freshman Team. Hare. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1 The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mrs. Farmer's Cook-Book. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.
2. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. On the Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Holy Bible.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Kipling's Stories. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Under Northern Lights. Ward. (Wessells.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $2.25.
4. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Golden Season. Kelly. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. On the Open Road. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The April Fool Doll. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Briggs.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The White Prophet. Caine. (Leod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Marriage à La Mode. Humphry. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mrs. Rorer's New Cook-Book. (Arnold.) $2.00.
2. Kipling's Poems. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Westminster Press.) 35 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Keziah Coffin. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Out of Doors in the Holyland. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Helen Grant, Graduate. Douglas. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. Spring Cleaning. Burnett. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	226
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	218
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50	194
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50	134
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	101
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50	98

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Truxton King	8
A Certain Rich Man	7
The Silver Horde	6
The Goose Girl	5
The Calling of Dan Matthews	4
Anne of Avonlea	4
Open Country	2
The Hungry Heart	2
The Inner Shrine	2
The Danger Mark	2
The White Prophet	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
Truxton King	12
The Silver Horde	9
The Goose Girl	8
The Danger Mark	6
A Certain Rich Man	6
Anne of Avonlea	6
Open Country	3
The Inner Shrine	3
Old Rose and Silver	3
The White Prophet	3
The Calling of Dan Matthews	3
Keziah Coffin	2
The Girl of the Limberlost	2
The Hungry Heart	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
Truxton King	4
The Goose Girl	4
The White Prophet	4
The Silver Horde	3
The Danger Mark	2
The Hungry Heart	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Goose Girl	11
The Silver Horde	9
The Calling of Dan Matthews	7
Truxton King	7
The Danger Mark	5
The White Prophet	4
A Certain Rich Man	4
Old Rose and Silver	3
The Girl of the Limberlost	3
Anne of Avonlea	2
The Inner Shrine	2
The Romance of a Plain Man	2
The White Mice	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Billy Tomorrow	College Years	Anne of Green Gables	Anne of Avonlea
Anne of Avonlea	The School Four	The Road to Oz	Airship Boys
With Pickpole and Peavey	Anne of Avonlea	The Hole Book	Little Women
The Golden Season	The Hole Book		Betty Wales
Boys on the Railroad	The Flopsy Bunnies		The Road to Oz

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Alaska	England and the English	Collected Verses	Psychotherapy
Old Friends	Religion and Medicine	Beauties of Friendship	The Blue Bird
The Columbia River	Haremlik	Right and Wrong Thinking	The Living Word
The Melting Pot	Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book	Health and Happiness	A. B. Z. of Our Nutrition
Jonathan and David	Why Worry?		The Shadow on the Dial

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PORTRAIT OF MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS
AUTHOR OF "MISS SELINA SUE"

By Sophonisba Hergesheimer

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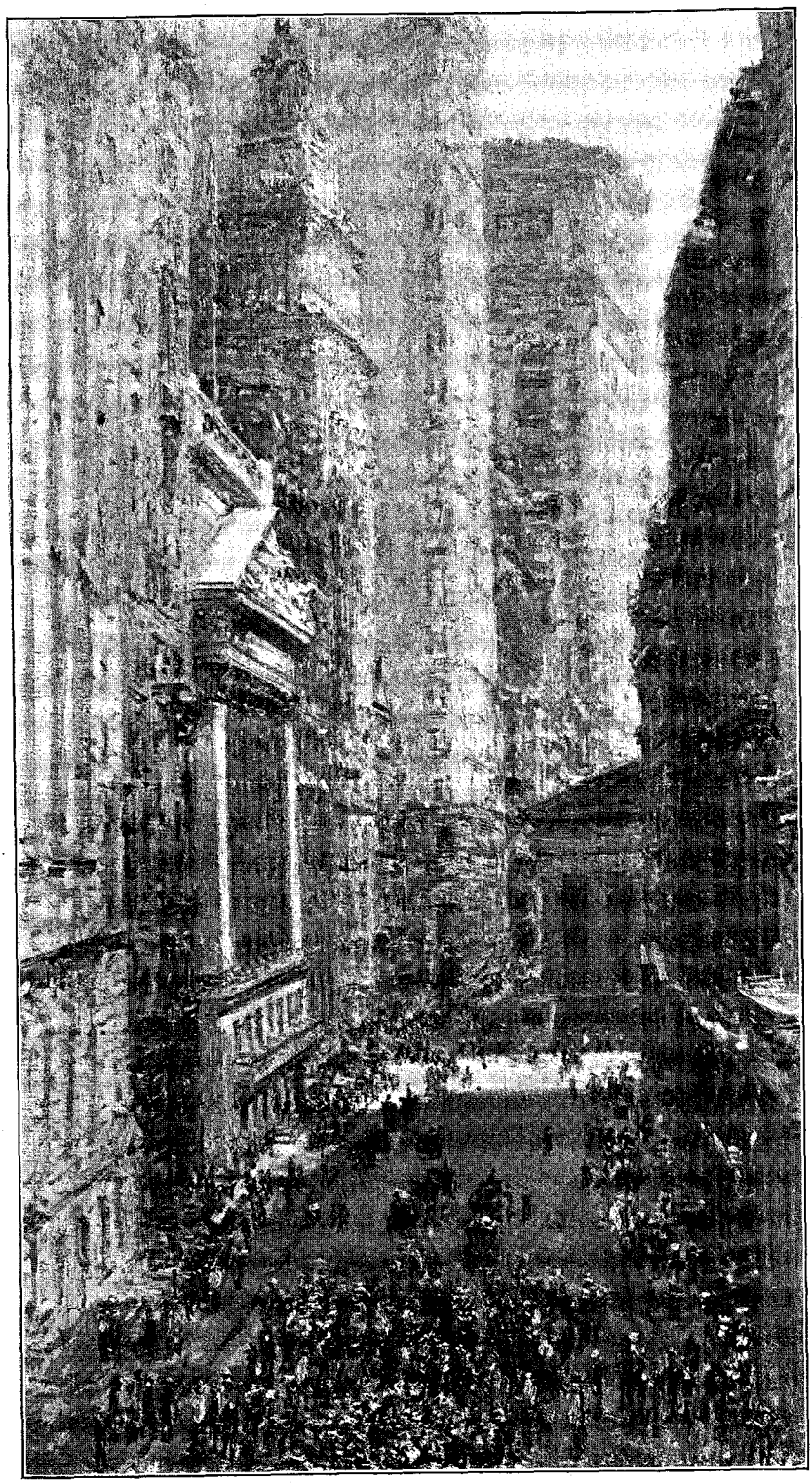

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